
THE
Modish Husband:
A
COMEDY.

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THE

MODERN HISTORY

COM
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246

THE

Modish Husband:

A

COMEDY,

As it was Acted at the

Theatre Royal

IN

DRURY-LANE.

*Notre merite nous attire L'estime des
Honnestes Gens & notre Etoile celle du Public.*

By the Author of *The Ladies Visiting Day.*

L O N D O N,

Printed for James Knapton at the Crown in St Pauls Church-
yard ; G. Strahan at the Golden Ball, over against the Royal
Exchange, Cornhil ; and B. Lintott at the Post-house at the
Middle Temple-gate in Fleetstreet, 1702.

THE

Model Husband;

ERRATA.

PAge 3. line 14. dele But : p. 4. l. 3. for *strong* read *headstrong* : p. 6. l. 8. for
And your Enemy, &c. as your Enemy : ditto l. ult. for *as the delicious Vintage, &c.*
as the thoughts of the delicious Vintage : p. 8. l. 9. for *cut out for your Nature, and*
his Wife has, &c. cut out for you ; *Nature and his Wife have* : p. 15. l. ult. for *this*
Virtue, &c. the Virtue.



D R U R Y L A N E

James Wolfe was killed at the Battle of the Clouds
Honourable Sir & noble friends the Public

By the Author of The Ladies Calling Card

L O N D O N

Printed by J. DODD, at the Theatre Royal, in Pall Mall.
1741.

THE
PREFACE.

THO' this Play was writ in four Weeks, yet I'm affraid I bestow'd too much upon't; for the Town is a Mrs. that grants her Favours from Humour and her fine Play, is often like her fine Gentleman, a Thing without Wit or Design.

Upon which account, I believe, my very Enemies will allow that I have some Title to her Smiles, as well as others; But in England, there are Factions, even in Mirth, as obstinate as those in Politicks, and no body will suffer you to divert him, except he is of your Interest; Thus was the Fate of this Triste determin'd before it appear'd, and like a Parliament Election, ruin'd only by those that did not come to it.

A As

THE PREFACE.

As for the Ladies ; the truly Beautiful, that is, the truly Modest, give me no pain ; for they never find a Meaning that does not appear, nor make one's Words blush for Thoughts that don't belong to 'em : But some Women of Virtue, I confess, are the most Judicious People in the world, have the most distinguishing Taste ! They know the Standard of Modesty so well, that they'll find out the least colour of Allay, and can secure their Virtue as well by their Reason as their Faces.

*Erubuit posuitque meum Lucretia Librum,
Sed coram Bruto, Brute recede, Leget.*

I must not forget two worthy Gentlemen that have done me the honour to condemn it, tho' one of 'em can hardly read, and the other not offend so much as he can attone ; for he has been so kind as to write himself, and is at once the Mischief and the Consolation.

Cædimus, inq; vicem præbemus crura Sagittis.

In

THE PREFACE.

In a good Play there shou'd be nothing but what rises from the Business of it ; the Flowers that appear shou'd grow there, as one in a Garden is worth fifty in a Pot: Thus Wit it self is a Fault when it is forreign to the Occasions of the Story, and the Difficulty not very great ; For when a Man may talk what he pleases, he is very unhappy that says nothing well, as a Gipsie wou'd be, if among the Accidents she amuses you with, she shou'd hit upon none that were true ; upon which account, with some People, he is reckon'd Ingenious, and she wise.

As to the following Papers, I shall say very little ; the next Folly to Scribbling, is to defend it ; but he that thinks at all has a great deal of Time upon his hands, and there is not enough in Life to keep us from being sad.

Qui vit sans folie n'est pas si sage qu'il Croit.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. *Wilks*.

Hero's and Gods! So much your Favour share;
We Mortals are too little for your Care;
But Tragick Stories still the Fair inflame
Some Tyrant Lover! Or some injur'd Dame!
A Lady's Tears must move a Lady's Heart,
Women are still concern'd—when Lovers Part:
If the soft Sex such Agonies can shew,
For fancy'd Love—What would they at the true?
But here's no Flame related to the Sky,
In humble Flesh and Blood our Passions lie!
And Humane Frailties follow Human Life,
A careless Husband has an injur'd Wife!
Our Nymphs are not for Goddesses design'd,
But tho' they're not so Great, they're full as Kind:
Of the same Mould we draw a Modish Youth
With too much Breeding to have any Truth.
Thus for your Pictures while you gravely sit,
Like Ill-bred Painters, we our Colours fit,
To make you scorn the Native lines that strike ye,
And justly hate the Piece for being like ye.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Lord Promise, A stiff distasteful Fop,	Mr Cibber.
Lionel, A young Gent. not too sincere,	Mr Wilks.
Sir Lively Cringe, One that is not so wicked as to believe ill of Women,	Mr Bowen.
Will Fanlove, A Pimp,	Mr Pinkethman.
Harry, His Son,	Mr Bullock.
Footmen, &c.	

W O M E N.

Lady Cringe,	Mrs Verbruggen.
Camilla,	Mrs Olfield.
Lady Promise,	Mrs Rogers.
Waiting-women, &c.	

 ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Lady Promise and Camilla.

L. P. **T**O marry a Fop, and all this vexation!

Cam. You see what this foolish passion for Honour betrays us to. Your Fortune would a' given you pleasures enough, but a little Title has ruin'd all!

L. P. I am sensible, *Camilla*, the addition of *Lady* has not made me more happy.

Cam. Tho I like place as well as another, yet I shou'd not marry a Lord on such conditions.

L. P. You'll scarce get any other; for 'tis a piece of Gallantry among 'em to neglect their Wives.

Cam. They often pay too dear for that Fashion, and a Woman has it always in her power to revenge the injury.

L. P. Not without doing herself a greater; I have try'd a thousand ways to prevent his Ingratitude, and, spite of my just resentment, have made her my Friend to be always with her; yet he hardly forbears his Gallantry before my Eyes, and has got her Husband an Apartment here in the Court, to make his affair with the Wife more commodious; who can bear it—— (Weeps)

Cam. A Villain! I pity you.

L. P. Yet I'm as young as she; and tell me, *Camilla*, is she handsomer?

Cam. Not the Tyth; but Wife among the Fellows is grown a Proverb for distaste, and Marriage is an art to oblige one man to hate us.

L. P. What things are Men !

Cam. They use their Love as they do their Money ; few are willing to pay it where it's due ; and they have got a trick of being very extravagant abroad, while they starve the Family at home with too great Husbandry.

L. P. Puh ! You always laugh when one is grave.

Cam. 'Tis because you are grave when you shou'd laugh. Methinks a Wife's Jealousie is a merry subject.

L. P. As merry as 'tis it does no harm.

Cam. No, for you desire nothing but your own.

L. P. Puh ! Why what can a Woman do ?

Cam. If I had such a Husband I'd soon determine. You shou'd alarm him t'other way, for nothing recalls Love so quick as Jealousie.

L. P. Those experiments are dangerous, and a Woman must be well assur'd of her Virtue to trust it so near an Enemy.

Cam. O ! you need not venture it out of your sight.

L. P. I wou'd go as far as Honour wou'd allow me, but not a step further.

Cam. That will do —— you must pretend to like some handsome Fellow ; 'twill soon take his thoughts from his Neighbours Fruit to guard his own.

L. P. Ay ! But ——

Cam. Nay, no scruples, 'tis an honest falshood, and few Women are Hypocrites o' that side !

L. P. Well then, *Camilla*, to deal ingenuously with you, I have made the first step already toward something like it.

Cam. And who ! pray who is the false Lover ?

L. P. Mr *Lionel*, the young Gentleman that my Lord got an employment for.

Cam. (*aside*) Death to my hopes, *Lionel* !

L. P. I pitch'd upon him because he is his friend, and I think well made.

Cam. (*aside*) So well ! that she must like him, in spite of
of

of all her Virtue——and how far have you proceeded?
You shou'd be careful what encouragements you give!
such men are very deluding!

L. P. You need not apprehend it, I shall never violate my Virtue.

Cam. (aside) I hope so!——

L. P. The Adventure will surprize you——

Cam. But now I consider, 'tis not safe to trust one's self, as you say, so near an Enemy!

L. P. Prithee let me tell you——

Cam. A Woman don't know how feeble her Virtue may prove in such a case——

L. P. But you shall hear——

Cam. But you must never let Religion! Honour! and the Fidelity to your Husband out of your thoughts, when you look upon him!—there are too many dangers!

L. P. I am prepar'd, *Camilla*, my heart is fortify'd against 'em all! But to tell you how odd it was; at the Apartment last night while I had it in my thoughts to entertain him, he surpriz'd me with a declaration of his Love.

Cam. How! I hope you resent'd the affront!

L. P. So much that he was in the last confusion—but to make the occasion serve my purpose, After he had blush'd and look'd as silly as you wou'd wish a Lover, I told him that notwithstanding the injury he had done me, I wou'd for some private reasons recommend him to a Mistress.

Cam. But sure you did not!—(*aside*) another Rival!

L. P. I did, and pointed to my Lady *Cringe*, tho he wou'd not leave his Civilities to me, to observe her.

Cam. You engage people strangely! What can you design by this?

L. P. To give my Husband a Rival.

Cam. That wou'd rather secure his heart than take it from her, for Love is a female Passion, that grows more strong the more it is oppos'd.

L. P. I confefs Men conquer for us, and the number of a Woman's Lovers is often the chief reason of her being belov'd ; but where there is a strict intelligence, *Camilla*, the least Injury is mortal, and our Love then serves to kindle our Contempt.

Cam. But how if he shou'd not succeed ? (*aside*) tho I fear it too much.

L. P. I have no pain as to that ; for 'tis likely she may break thro her engagements to her Lover, as easie as those to her Husband—an't you pleas'd with my Plot ?

Cam. No—— (*aside*) for I'm affraid it will take.

L. P. Why 'tis the plainest in the World, and must do ! Thus I bring about my ends without exposing my Virtue ; for 'tis the same thing whether he abandons her or she him——but I hear my Lord up, come into my Room, and give me your Counsel in this affair.

Cam. I'm the worst in the world at Stratagems—— (*aside*) and if this takes I'm ruin'd. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lord Promise and Attendants; one holding his Hat and Gloves, and another putting on his Sword, &c.

Lord P. Has Mr *Lionel* been here this morning ?

1st Foot. No, my Lord.

Lord. Nor *Will. Fainlove* ?

1st Foot. Neither, my Lord.

Lord. These Gloves stink ! smell 'em.

2^d Foot. I think so, my Lord, for I hate Perfumes.

La. Slave, must you be merry ! to be alive is enough.

The Fellow bows very low.

3^d Foot. The Hatter desir'd to know if it fitted your Lordship.

Lo.

Lio. (*Putting it under his Arm*) Ay ! it fits me very well.
Dear *Lionel* !

Enter Lionel.

Lio. My Lord, your Servant. *Exeunt Footmen.*

Lor. Well *Ned*, the success of your Gallantry ! Have you brought me any Comfort ?

Lio. Comfort, my Lord ! few Husbands wou'd give it that name.

Lord. Few Husbands have my reason ; Men and their Wives are too well agreed to look into the affairs of each other, but mine is the shadow of my steps, and I can't visit the Woman I love, without looking upon her I hate ; see how impertinent one grain of Virtue will make a Woman !

Lio. Nay, my Lord, to us younger Brothers to be virtuous is as bad as to be mercenary ; But I'm more surpriz'd at the adventure ! An't you a little tender of the employment you put me upon, to make love to your Wife ! Consider, my Lord, Woman's Virtue is nice as Man's Honour, we foil the mirror when *Curiosity* makes us breath too near.

Lord. If her Virtue were away, *Ned*, the Friendship between us is security enough that this business shall not proceed so far as to injure my Honour ! and there is no other way upon Earth to succeed in my Love abroad, but to engage her in a Gallantry at home.

Lio. But how can that be done with a Virtuous Woman ?

Lord. Thou art a Novice ! your Women of Virtue will abhor the last Favour—but they love to hear every thing that belongs to it.

Lio. Against your principle, she receiv'd me last night
with

with Scorn and Indignation, an honest blush spread o'er her Cheeks, and her Eyes spoke abhorrence.

Lord. Good signs!

Lio. For you, my Lord, but I lookt so like an Ass upon't that I have not left resolution enough to rally.

Lord. Then you know little of their affairs: Take it, *Ned*, for a rule in Gallantry, that your haughtiest Nymph will stoop the soonest, and your Enemy that struts most is often the weakest.

Lio. That's only when their Pride is coquet, but her face wore the character of her heart.

Enter Will. Fanelove.

Lord. Never trust a Face; for see, here is now a Pimp with the mein of a Reformer.

Lio. And the honesty of a Lawyer.

Will. My dear Lord! I congratulate your good fortune—But may one speak before this young Rascal?

Lord. Go on! he's a stranger to 'em—what news of the Knight and his Lady?

Will. The Knight and your Mistress, my Lord, are the happiest pair upon Earth, she in a Lover, and he in the hopes of preferment.

Lio. (*aside*) He's in a fair way to it I find —

Lord. Why is he pleas'd with his apartment?

Will. Transported with it, and thinks of nothing but being a Minister of State—He bows ten times lower than ever.

Lord. The supple Slave was born a Courtier, and I'll make him one, but —

Will. No buts! My Lord, now you've your Mistress under your Roof! upon the same floor with you! A Wench ripe and inviting as a gushing Grape. Egad! my mouth waters at the delicious Vintage.

Lor.

Lord. Thou inspirest me, and I'm resolv'd to finish him to night.

Will. To night ! just now, my Lord, I wou'd not let him live a minute longer without his Horns.

Lio. Well said Threescore !

Will. A Knight shou'd no more come into Court without Antlers than into the Common Council ; there is but one thing, my Lord, that can lessen the pleasure to your intreague ; there's no making the Husband jealous !

Lio. That's the Devil ! I'd no more Cuckold a Fellow that wou'd not be Jealous of me, then I'd fight with a Man that wou'd not defend himself.

Will. Ha ! ha ! Thou art in the right on't faith ! Excellently well said.

Lord. Now I am pleas'd with his stupidity — the fatigue of deceiving a Sot is below a Man of Quality.

Will. Right, my Lord, I'm clearly of your Lordship's mind —

Lio. But no fatigue in Love were as bad as no Discipline in War, Men wou'd be soon weary of meer fighting.

Will. But Women wou'd not ! they are Devilish Enemies, Mr *Lionel*, they wound us deepest when we Conquer 'em, so I think 'tis our interest not to let 'em yield so fast.

Lord. Nothing shou'd embarrass the life of a Gentleman, and when a Mistress grows difficult I despise her.

Lio. Then your Love, my Lord, is not very considerable, that you can part with it so easily.

Lord. Love, *Ned*, is like other Games, he always plays best that does it with least concern, and I lose my Mistress as I do my Money, without giving my self any trouble for the matter.

Lio. (*aside*) He'll think me a Coxcomb if I an't of his opinion — Right, my Lord, for he that swears and frets,

frets, and beats the Box, loses but the more, and Women and Fortune are kindest still to those that slight 'em.

Lord. Then deceiving a Husband is so common——

Will. O every Lawyers Clerk can arrive to't.

Lord. I love a Wench that blinds her Monster herself, and she is not a Mistress fit for a man of Breeding who has not taught her Cuckold to be civil.

Will. My Lord! This Knight then is a Cuckold cut out for your Nature, and his Wife has so moulded him, that he'll sooner suspect his own Understanding than her Conduct—Nay, he believes the whole Sex honest, and fancies our Grannam *Eve* was the only one that made a small trip in her life——poor fellow, ha! ha!

Lio. If he were a young man I shou'd think it were with design, for speaking well of Women is the truest way to corrupt 'em, as he stabs you surest that does it with a face of Friendship.

Lord. The Secret is, Women hate to be outdone! The way to leave 'em no Virtue is to speak of more than they have, as to wipe away their Tears is to cry faster.

Will. (*aside*) I wish I had as good a Receipt to break their hearts as to ease 'em; I have been trying for't with my Wife these twenty years, and to no purpose——Well, my Lord, I'm glad you're so well provided with Love Politicks, for you have fixt the Knight in a dangerous place, if any thing cou'd alter him: My Lord *Addle's* in the next Apartment, and they're intimate already.

Lord. Ay! as Man and Wife; always out of tune, and always together——but come, I'll make 'em a Visit. And harky *Need!* at Dinner will insinuate your merit to my Wife, and leave you to make your peace——here! I'll go thro the Garden. *Exeunt Lord and Will.*

Lio.

Lionel (*alone.*)

I am strangely engag'd here betwixt this noble Lord and his Lady——Let me see, they wou'd both present me with a Mistress! but I find my self more inclin'd to accept of hers that I have not seen, than of his that I have——Yet she is handsome, and from any body but him I cou'd like her. So bountiful a Husband astonishes me! Well, there is certainly Fate in't, and a Man can't be a Cuckold when he pleases——but here's *Will* again, that disposes of all things here——what a successful quality is Pimping! —————

Re-enter Will.

Will. Well, my Hero, what art musing of?

Lio. I was thinking that you'd be a great man.

Will. Why, Sirrah, I am as like a great man as can be, for I never keep my word, nor lye with my Wife: Then I love my Country, take Bribes, and have a Fool for my Chief Favourite.

Lio. Nay, thou'rt as busie too, *Will*, and hast as little to do.

Will. A Politick face is as necessary at Court as Flattery, 'tis all in all *Ned*——but no more o' that; now thou hast seen it a little, what dost think of the Court, my *Hercules*?

Lio. As I do of a place where every one looks as if he were your Friend, and no body is so; a common varnish of Civility is worn by all, but under it they hate one another like Brothers, and forgive no more than Church-men.

Will. Are these Observations for a handsome young Fellow to make? Prithee tell me what Intreagues!

C

What

What Conquests ! What Cuckoldom ! they talk of the City, and that Husband and Horns there, are as inseparable as Rogue and Attorney. But if there's a spot of ground within the Walls so fruitful as this, may I never kiss any body but my own Wife!

Lio. I'm glad to hear it, *Will* ; but I shall starve in the midst of Plenty.

Will. Never fear, — the kind Ladies are always of a knot, if you can get hold of one of 'em, you have a Clue that will lead you thro the whole Labyrinth ; I warrant you've been learning already.

Lio. I own it.

Will. And who is it ? Ha ! Is she handsome ?

Lio. As Flattery ever made, or Women think themselves ; her looks would inflame threescore, and stir up the Courage of a Hermit ! then she moves, *Will*, as tenderly as if she trod upon Lovers Lips !

Will. That wou'd make her press 'em closer, Sirrah ! But who is it you Rogue, who is it ?

Lio. The Lady in Red, that was last night at the Apartment.

Will. (*aside.*) Ha ! Sir *Lively's* Wife, I must drive him from that scent. — O ! I know her, *Ned*, I know her.

Lio. Dost thou so dear, Rascal ! Where ! How ! What is she ! Maid or Wife, or —

Will. O ! the Devil ; I'm none of her ! Don't Ravish me, ye Dog !

Lio. Quickly *Will* ! be a Friend indeed and serve me in this extremity.

Will. No more of your Raptures then ! another hug wou'd a made Mummy of me ! a strong Rogue !

Lio. If she's Honest I'm a dead Man.

Will. Then you've nothing to do but to say your Prayers, for she's as Bad as Honest, not to be come at,
her

her Husband is always at her Heels, and never let's her go to any publick place but the Apartment.

Lio. But has she no Religious Body that he do's not suspect ! No Cousins House, ha ! the meanest Wife in the City is better provided.

Will. Alas ! she's a Country plain-meaning thing, just come from her Needle all the Week and reading a Chapter o' *Sundays*, has no Breeding at all, a meer rough Diamond !

Lio. But a little of thy Art, honest *Will*, may polish her, and make her glitter to some purpose ! Prithee use it for my sake, you know I'm a little Bashful.

Will. This Modesty ruins more young Fellows, than Marriage, what a Devil do you do with't at Court ? I despair of a Man that has the least Tincture of it here, and wou'd as soon undertake to make a Nun of a Citizens Wife, as a good Courtier of a modest Fellow.

Lio. To gain her I'll do any thing, I'll leave my self as little Modesty as a dull Poet, and as little Business as a Wit.

Will. And as little sincerity too, as a common Whore, if you'd succeed ; Well, well, upon this assurance, *Ned*—Let's take a turn in the Garden, and I'll put you in a certain way——(*aside*) to miss her.

Lio. And if I have not Courage to pursue it, may I be so laugh'd at for a Coward, till I'm qualify'd to Command the Militia !

(*Exeunt.*)

Enter Lord Promise and Lady Cringe.

Lady C. You surprize me, my Lord ! Promote an affair with your own Wife !

Lord. You see, Madam, what I do for your sake ! I scruple not to trust my Wife with another rather, than be interrupted in my Addresses to you ; after this you will not question the sincerity of my Heart,

Lad. C. Nay, this is such a proof of Love as hanging ones self ! then it renders our Commerce the more lawful, for you do but as you'd be done by.

Lor. So this Plot will promote my happiness, I am not sollicitous about hers.

Lad. C. I am pleas'd with any Stratagem that withholds her Visits.

Lord. A Wife's Company in such a case is more impertinent than a Husband's.

Lad. C. 'Tis common for a Man to be very curious, but it's scarce modest for a Woman to be so.

Lord. She's Mad with Whimsies of Virtue, and the Devil, and thinks a Man unreasonable not to Love when he is Marry'd—as if one cou'd be happy by Act of Parliament.

La. Cr. Nay, I know there's no making a bargain to be pleas'd, and few People marry for Love.

Lord. Not a Wretch, Madam—that breaths out o' my Lord Mayor's Dominions.

La. Cr. (*aside*) I see Education corrupts us, and the nearer we go to Nature, we are the more honest——yet you lov'd her, my Lord, till it was lawful for you to do so.

Lord. Never, Madam ; but she was rich, and I wou'd not publish my Contempt of her, because Women won't Marry a Man that hates them, tho they will one they hate —— but let me forget how I had her, and joyn with me in my plot to avoid her.

Lad. C. Most willingly ! I'm so vext at her sottish proceeding, I cou'd share in any malicious design against her.

Lord. *Lionel* Dines with us to day by my appointment, and lest my Wife shou'd not be touch'd with his Conversation, do you Visit her after Dinner, and take occasion to commend him ; Women easily inspire one another,

nother, and they are apt to think a Man handsome that another has call'd so.

La. C. Nay, if he be ever so ugly, I warrant I find something in him to speak well of.

Lord. Set him up for a Wit, if you can't for a Beauty, and when he has once that Character among the Ladies, all the Follies in the World won't take it from him.

La. C. (aside.) I find when a Mans strength is proclaim'd, or a Womans weakness, the other Sex will still agree to support it.

Lord. (Kissing her Hand) But let's revenge our selves, Madam, of her Folly, the double Joy is in our power, of Love! and of Resentment!

Enter Sir Lively Cringe.

Sir Liv. (aside) Ha! ha! these little freedoms now make People foolishly question Womens-Virtue. —

La. C. Ha! my Husband!

Lord. Sir Lively Cringe your Servant!

Sr L. My Lord I'm your Lordships most obedient Humble and Devoted.

Lord. I shall strive to approve my self your Friend —
(*aside*) For I design to Cuckold ye.

Sr L. I protest I'd almost forgot to thank your Lordship for our Lodgings; my Lord, your Lordships most oblig'd. — (*aside.*) I begin to feel the Spirit of the Court already, and shall make it my Business to forget every Body — I vow, my Lord, the very Air of this place has a sensible effect upon me.

Lord. I hope to see you a Great Man, Sr Lively,

Sr L. My Lord, your most humble Servant. — (*aside.*) I long for pleasure of Levee's and Dependance! of hugging and hating, I'll promise like a Lord, and perform like one too! As I hope to be a Minister of State, 'tis the

the pleasantest Life in the World ! ——— But my dear Lord forgive me ! this being a Courtier, is apt to make one forget ones Friends.

Lord. I hope you'll persuade your Lady to have as good an opinion of the Court.

Sir L. I warrant ye, my Lord, 'tis a little awkward to her at first, like taking Snuff, but when she has once Conquer'd her aversion, she'll never let the Box be from her Nose.

La. C. They make but an indifferent figure there, my Lord, who have nothing but their Vertue to recommend 'em.

Lord. There is no pleading you into a new Fashion, Lady, but where you see all about you like it, I presume you will follow, in the mean time I take my leave Madam ———

Sr L. My Lord your Lordships most Obedient Humble ——— (*following.*)

Lord. No Ceremony with your Friends, *Sr Lively.* (*Exit.*)

Sr L. (*Retreating*) O ! my good Lord ! ——— I am — your Lordships ——— very faithful ——— ! I shall certainly be a great Man ! My dear, my *Penelope* ! My *Maintenon* ! — Well, there is nothing done in this World without a Woman ! Men make the puther and the noise, and strike round the hours of the day, but Woman is the secret Weight that moves 'em.

La. C. And they always go right that are govern'd by their Influence ! Now you're at Court, *Sr Lively*, you must be always at the Levee !

For here the Secret is to be Importune,
You make your Court (*aside*) and I'll make your Fortune !

End of the First Act.

ACT.

A C T II.

Enter Lionel and Lady Promise.

Lio. **T**He ill success of my first passion, my passion for you, Madam, (let me speak it, since I am not to affront you with it more) has left me no encouragement to Love again.

L. P. Come, come, you don't know your own power; I question not when you shall see the Mistress I have chose for you, your Heart won't receive much violence in the change.

Lio. Ah! Madam, the first impressions of Love are doubtless the most tender, Innocence and Truth secure our hearts, and make up the truest pleasure of our Lives; but violated once, the passion grows abandon'd, and loses the soft name of Love.

L. P. (aside.) Ha! can Honesty then dwell in Evil? Alas! Sir, those simplicities were practis'd in the Worlds rude days, but now Love is like Friendship, a thing that seldom reaches the Heart; a settled disposition is below the Gallantry of a Gentleman, and none that have the least value for their Reputation will pretend to so dull a Virtue as Constancy.

Lio. Well, Madam, in spite of the Fashion I must preserve this Virtue, tho I violate the appearance; and since

since all other Women are indifferent to me, form me as you please ; I'll sigh ! vow ! swear and protest Love where-ever you wou'd have me ; but the real passion—

L. P. O ! take no care, it will follow—you may dissemble Love till you feel it, as easie as some tell a Falshood till they think it true—— I hear her coming ! step into that room, while I prepare her with your Commendations, and when you see us a little engag'd come in——
Exit Lionel.

I blush to think how basely I'm employ'd !
But yet all other ways in vain I've sought
To bring lost quiet to my injur'd heart,
And make a Traytor Husband honest.

O Virtue !

Forgive the forc'd Disguise I have put on,
'Tis for thy sake I mingle with thy Foes,
And plead the Cause of Infamy——

Enter Lady Cringe.

La. Cr. (aside) Now to undermine this pretender to Virtue, I warrant I make her like the Fellow, if he has any Beauty. My dear Lady *Promise*——

L. P. I'm your Ladyship's humble Servant. You seem'd a little melancholy at the Apartment last night.

L. C. I was only taken up in observing the good Company : And pray who was that young Gentleman that entertain'd your Ladyship ?

L. P. A friend of my Lord's, that has not been long at Court.

L. C. He was very well made.

L. P. (aside) I'm glad she thinks so !——
He is, and very agreeable.

L. C. (aside) Soh ! She likes him already ! I warrant I make his court better than he can.

En-

Enter Lionel.

L. P. Behold the very Person !

Both. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Lio. (*aside*) I'm in a Wood ! they have certainly some design that I can't reach — if it be upon my person I forgive 'em. — Ha ! the Woman too I thought so handsome !

L. C. Don't your Ladyship see how delicate his Shape is ?

L. P. I do. ——— (*aside*.) She Loves him !

L. C. Pray observe, Madam, he has the finest Complexion !

L. P. Extreemly fine ! ——— (*aside*.) My Plot has taken !

L. C. Good Legs !

L. P. (*aside*.) I'm happy ———

L. C. And I vow a very handsome Fellow !

Lio. (*aside*.) But hold ! this may be a cunning of her Ladyships to try my Love. ——— I'll counterplot her Ladies your Servant.

L. P. Mr *Lionel* you surprize us ! had you over-heard our discourse,

L. C. You wou'd a found, Sir, that all Listeners don't hear ill of themselves.

Lio. I am oblig'd to your good humour, Ladies.

L. C. You owe it to your merit, Sir, my Lady *Promise* said all the kind things of you.

Lio. (*to L. P.*) You did me an honour, Madam, that I wou'd be my whole Life in acknowledging.

L. P. Your obligations, I assure you, are to that Lady.

Lio. (*to L. C.*) Is it possible I cou'd merit from you the least notice ?

D.

L. C.

L. C. Tho I confess, Sir, no Woman cou'd want a reason to think well of you; yet 'twas her Ladyship that spoke to your advantage.

Lio. (In a low Voice.) You are Heavenly Fair!

L. C. (*aside.*) I protest a pretty Fellow indeed! and now methinks I wou'd not have her like him.

Lio. (to L. P.) Come, Madam, keep no longer in pain so faithful a Lover, 'tis you only that my Heart can think of.

L. P. You forget your self. (*aside to him.*)

L. C. Mr *Lionel's* Mistresses with us at the Devil.

Lio. (to her.) I wou'd go there my self, to purchase a moment with you.

L. P. They have reason to be alarm'd when he is from 'em.

Lio. (to her.) But I dye when I'm forc'd from your Ladyship.

L. C. He is indeed the most diverting Man in the World.

Lio. Oh! Madam —

L. P. The most worthy —

Lio. (Bows to her.)

L. C. Genteel —

Lio. (to her.)

L. P. Well Bred —

Lio. (to her.)

L. C. Handsome —

Lio. (to her.)

L. P. Discreet —

Lio. (to her.)

L. C. Accomplish'd, ha! ha! ha! I don't know how you'll be forgiven when you return to 'em, but my Lady *Promise* will be your excuse, who has a thousand agreements above other Women.

Lio.

Lio. She is indeed — (*to her*) a most Bewitching Creature.

L. P. You are the best argument against what you say, who besides every thing else in common with the most lovely, Sing more agreeably than any.

Lio. She is made for universal ruine.

L. P. She'll give us a Song I'm sure, for she has not the common vice of good Singers, to recommend her Voice by refusing it.

Lio. She takes a better way to be admir'd, for in my opinion the difficulty lessens the pleasure of all things, and makes us expect too much.

L. P. 'Tis my interest I find to be willing, so I'll fall to without Ceremony. — I have a Song against being unresolv'd, which is an occasion something like being difficult.

L. P. 'Twill be seasonable — here are Chairs, let's sit.

S O N G.

I

*Irene Fair and Young
By Innocence betray'd ;
Fear and Wishes govern'd long
The fond refusing Maid.*

II.

*Till Damon whisper'd in her Ear,
Let Honour Rule, or Love :
Choose a Tyrant that you fear,
Or one that you Approve.*

Enter Footman.

Foot. Madam *Camilla*, an't please your Ladyship, is coming up.

L. P. Ha ! I wou'd not have our Mirth interrupted so, if you two will go into the Garden, I'll dispatch her and follow.

La. C. You need not make too much haste, for fear she should suspect something and come too. (*aside.*) For I'd fain be a little alone with this Fellow—

[*Exeunt Lionel and Lady Cringe.*]

L. P. I don't know what's the matter, but I find A strange reluctance for his going with her : It can't be Love ! Vertue forbid the thought ! But to be sure I'll never see him more, And yet I have strange curiosity To observe the progress of my Plot : I fear no harm while Vertue governs here, Whose Laws while I have Life shall still be sacred ! No ! let me first be struck to deepest Hell, And know the Punishment before the Crime, Rather than Live to violate my Honour !

Enter Camilla.

What's the matter, *Camilla* ! you look as much out of Humour, as a Maid at thirty.

Cam. And am quite as weary of my self—A Block-head has been making Love to me, and I hit him a Box o' the Ear.

L. P. And which are you angry at, the Love or the Box ?

Cam. Perhaps both ! but nothing sure is more impertinent than to have a Fellow whining at ones Feet—(*aside.*) when one has cares in ones head for another.

L. P. O ! you have Wit enough to make it a Diversion ; but was he not ashamed.

Cam. No ! no ! you never knew a Fool have so much Virtue ; but my dear Lady *Promise*, in what condition are your Affairs ?

L. P. In a very prosperous one—

Cam. (*Sighs.*)

L. P. I'm persuaded she Loves him already, and he's too much a Cavalier to let her Languish.

Cam. Lord ! you do such odd things !

L. P.

L. P. I promoted his Courtship, and know little of Womans temper, if she do's not prefer him to my Lord.

Cam. Pish ! —I wonder—this is the Devilishest Case—

L. P. What makes you so uneasie ?

Cam. To see a Woman do the wicked'st thing in the World, and without any concern too.

L. P. If I had followed your instructions, I had drawn the evil nearer.

Cam. I don't know what I said then, but it's plain I was mistaken.

L. P. Their Mirth was Innocent while I was with 'em, and now they are in the Garden, I suppose will continue Innocent.

Cam. That a Woman shou'd talk so ! Two young people by themselves that love one another, don't use to pore upon Leaves, and a finer Garden than yours has not had enough to divert such a pair, when there was no body in the World but themselves.

L. P. If People are honest, opportunity's of no force.

Cam. I wou'd not have you trust the Temptation,—Virtue was a good guard heretofore, but the Art of War is chang'd, and now with their Mines and their Bombs they'll shake the strongest Fortification !

L. P. But Honour will defend the Garrison long enough, and nothing can hurt us from without, if there's no Treachery within.

Cam. Puh ! let Honour do what it can, there will be some. Our hearts are always of the Enemies principle, and it's fighting against our Consciences. —

L. P. How wildly you talk ! —But if you were brought to the test, I'm satisfy'd you Honour wou'd get the better of your Heart.

Cam. No Woman knows that ! Honour, Duty, Virtue, I believe are full little enough to make the balance even, when Flesh and Blood are in t'other Scale !

L. P. I'll convince you the best way, by example ; but I have staid too long, when I see you next I'll tell you more of this Adventure.

(Exit *La. P.*

Ca-

Camilla alone.

For all her Virtue I won't trust her—I must contrive something to prevent the growth of this Intreague ; — let me see, if I cou'd but Alarm that Old Coxcomb Sir Lively,—but he is so secure a Block-head, no story wou'd make him jealous ; —s'death ! a Fellow that thinks too well of Women, is worse than one that thinks too ill ! I have it, this sottish Lover of mine is the properest Fool for the purpose,—and it will revenge me too of his impertinence,—I am pleas'd with the thought, and will find him out immediately. *(Exit.)*

Enter Will Fanlove and his Son Harry.

Will. My dear Boy ! my proper Offspring ! hast broke the Ice yet, and assaulted thy Mistress ?

Har. Yes ! yes ! I have assaulted her, or rather she has assaulted me.

Will. Ha ! ha ! very well ! and how was it ? What return did she make to thy passion ?

Har. A very brisk one faith, for she hit me a Box o' the Ear.

Will. O ! Gallantry ! nothing but Gallantry ! and Love !

Har. Yes, it was certainly Love, but I don't care for so much, tho at her fingers ends.

Will. It will creep into her Heart by degrees, *Hall !* and we have the best contrivance in the World to succeed ; you have been but a week in Town, and no body knows you are my Son.

Har. No ! a rare intreague faith !

Will. Let me alone to spread your Fame,—I'll say such things of you, *Harry*, that if a Woman has any curiosity—

Har. Ha ! ha ! she must melt, that's certain ! for report (I'm told) will cheat any thing but a Widow — Father !

Will. Right my Boy ! and egad ! if thou canst n't make her a Wife, be sure you make something of her, Sirrah !

Har. Well advis'd faith—*(aside.)* What a merry old Scoundrel my Father is !

Will.

Will. And now I think on't, 'tis better to make a Cuckold than a Husband.

Har. A thousand times, dear Dad! let me alone for the Blood of the *Fanloves*! I'll follow your instructions punctually.

Will. (*aside.*) This young Rogue observes me too much for my own Son! He has not Disobedience enough to be of my getting! —Harke ye, *Hall*, what makes you so ready to obey my Commands?

Har. Because you Command what I like, Old Gentleman, which is the meaning of all the obedience in the World.

Will. Ha! ha! my Boy again! for none but my Son could a said so.

Har. We'll be Drunk together to night, Father.

Will. To the memory of thy Mistress, *Hall*! and let me alone to make her like you.

Har. About it quickly then, for I long to be making you a Grandfather.

Will. But hold! I see her coming this way —I'll be gone, besiege her briskly, Sirrah, and show your self my Offspring.

(*Exit. Will.*)

Har. Ay! and make a breach too, by *Julius Caesar*, she can't dislike my Person, 'tis certainly my want of assurance that displeases her —but those damn'd Fingers!

Enter Camilla.

Cam. (*aside.*) Here he is! as peevish I warrant as a Woman that has out-liv'd her Beauty.

Har. (*aside.*) Ha! the Garrison sallies upon me — I wish I were safe in the Trenches.

Cam. I see, Sir, you Country Gentlemen take every thing in a plain sense, and lay the least repulse to heart! but here at Court a Lover would no more be cast down at a little ill usage, than not boast of a little good.

Har. (*aside.*) I like this, she capitulates —

Cam. Come Sir, never mind it — Adversity is as necessary

ary to make a Lover as a Saint, and a Man is but nearer his happiness the more he is us'd like a Dog.

Har. (aside) She melts egad——Now for a brisk push, and the Town's my own——Look'e, Madam, I'm so far from being daunted, that I am ready to give you an instance of my Courage my Dear!

Cam. Hold, sweet Sir, not so fast neither. *(aside)* A Country Gentleman, I find, must be either asleep or riding Post.

Har. (aside) 'Twill do I see, there's nothing like a little impudence to get a Mistress or a place at Court.

Cam. But to shew you the opinion I have of your merit, I design to reward your Wit and Modesty to night; but you must be sure to keep our affair very secret!

Har. As Death! and Love! and so forth! Why, Madam, you cou'd not pick'd out such a fellow as I am for the purpose! I love intreaguings in my heart, and never was cut out for a Husband I!—hang the Ox that must be.—But, my Dear, where! how! and when! must we sign and seal this agreement! I long to be performing Articles.

Cam. To night, when every body else is asleep——

Har. Will be the fittest time to make Love, that's certain; but where, my Dear?

Cam. O! the Lodgings you saw me at to day.

Har. Enough! there will I give you such a proof of my Love!——but what token must I use, dear Creature?

Cam. O! you must sing to be sure! a Well-bred Lover wou'd no more come under his Mistress Window without a Song, than without Jealousie.

Har. A Song!

Cam. Ay! have you none for such an occasion.

Har. I have *Chivy Chase*, or *The Children in the Wood*!

Cam. They'll do very well—but now leave me, for I have other things to prepare for our meeting.

Har. My dear intreaguings Rogue farewell!——you shall

shall see what a Fellow you have set your Heart upon—
Egad ! I'll—but no more o' that, your Servant. (*Exit Har.*)

Cam. Now will I go and report an Affair betwixt this
Coxcomb and my Lady Cringe, which Sir *Lively* shall
hear of before night, and then to find him Serenading it
about his door (for that was the place he saw me at)
will open his Eyes, if Cuckoldom has not quite blinded
him. (*Exit.*)

Scene changes to the Garden.

Enter Lady Cringe and Lionel.

L. C. A Person of your accomplishments will do a
great deal of mischief at Court, all the Ladies will covet
your Conversation.

Lio. There is but one, Madam, that I desire wou'd
honour me with hers.

L. C. And who, dear Sir, is that fortunate Woman ?

Lio. A Beauty I cou'd gaze upon for ever ! and ever
find out Charms I saw not before.

L. C. (aside.) Sure he has not the ill manners to mean
any body but my self !——I shall never guess her, Sir,
by this description, for every Woman thinks too much of
her self, to consider the agreements of another.

Lio. You know her intimately ! and shou'd I venture
to be more particular, might from a just sence of my
little merit oppose my aspiring Love.

L. C. (aside.) Ha ! I was afraid 'twas she ! but I will
know !——Depend upon my Honour, Sir, I here engage
it to promote your interest.

Lio. Ay ! Madam, against such a Friend even Honour
will not bind ! your heart and all your wishes are so
wrought with hers, that to hurt her must wrong your
self ! so true a Friend, that she can know no injury but
you must feel it.

L. C. (aside.) I'm pleas'd again, 'tis me he means !
They that will wrong their Honour, Sir, are not worthy
such a Friend, and I assure you I will always strive to
merit the one by preserving the other.

E *Lio.*

Lio. Well, Madam, Credulity is a good natur'd Folly, and I shall be less asham'd of a Vice that springs from a Virtue.—— I dare not tell her Name, but about me I still wear her Picture. *(Feels in his Pockets.)*

L. C. (aside.) Confusion seize her! it must be her's, for mine he cou'd not have——

Lio. You will know her soon, so just a likeness Humane Art ne're drew.

L. C. Pray let me see it, I warrant some——

(She snatches it from him.)
Foh! an ugly—— *(aside)* Ha! I am surpriz'd! I vow I did not see 'twas a Looking-glass! *(looks and smiles)* as often as I have look'd in one I never was so pleas'd with my self before!

Lio. Remember, Madam, they that will wrong their Honour are not worthy such a Friend.

I. C. I'm afraid, Sir, you show this Picture to every body.

Lio. You are the first that saw a pretty Face there, it has been us'd to mine, no Woman ever open'd it before.

L. C. If I was sure no other wou'd——

Lio. Hear me Swear!

L. C. No, keep that for those you'd deceive,—but since you have found the way to get a willing secret from my Breast, we must be wise if we wou'd meet again.

Lio. (Kneeling) My Life! My All! tell me but how I shall move, and you form me into what you order.

Enter Lord Promise.

L. P. (aside.) S'death! what do I see! is this his Courtship of my Wife! a Rascal!

L. C. Rise, Sir, we are discover'd!

Lo. P. Certainly, Madam, this Gentleman has either receiv'd, or does demand of you some extraordinary favour.

L. C. It may be one of 'em——but he'll inform you better. *(going.)*

Lo. P.

Lo. P. Stay, I beseech you, Madam!

L. C. The favour you demand of me (my Lord) is very extraordinary, after what you have said. (*Exit L. C.*)

Lio. (*aside*) How the Devil shall I come off! this is certainly that Knights Lady! the Woman he Loves.

Lo. P. But you, Sir, have no reason to deceive me.

Lio. My Lord!

L. P. When I had directed you where to make your Court, I thought I shou'd not need to tell you where to avoid it, this is the Lady for whose sake I did it, you may judge of the degree of my Love for her, by the trust I made you in my Wife.

Lio. If I am guilty of any crime, my Lord, 'tis in obeying you too willingly, you must answer for your Commands, and my Lady *Promise* for her Beauty—all I had to do with this Lady, was to make my acknowledgments for the good Offices she did me with her.

Lo. P. If it be so, *Ned*, you're my Friend again—but when we Love a Woman passionately, we're apt to think every body looks upon her with our Eyes——

Enter Lady Promise.

La. P. (*aside*) Ha! my Lord with him! how came he here!

Lo. P. But now, dear *Ned*, we know our Employments, let us proceed without justling, I shan't interrupt your Addresses to my Wife—let me alone with my Mistress.

La. P. (*aside*) Ha! What's this I hear?

Lio. You may depend upon it, my Lady *Promise* has too many Charms, to suffer me to think of another.

Lo. P. I shou'd be of your opinion, *Ned*, were she any body's but mine —— I hate a thing that must do what I wou'd have her do—— then to be true to one's Wife is so unbred in a Man of Quality.

La. P. (*aside*) A Villain!

Lio. But a Woman like her, my Lord, methinks shou'd be always new, and one must be as you say her Husband

not to love her——for besides her being the most Beautiful Woman under Heaven, she has also abundance of Wit.

Lo. P. But to Lye with a Woman for her Wit, *Ned*, is like eating a Bird for his Singing ! I think Wit is the most impertinent thing that belongs to a Woman except Virtue.

La. P. (*aside*) You shall complain no more of that !

Lio. Well, my Lord, since you have given me leave to love her, I am resolv'd to pursue it till you think fit to forbid me.

Lo. P. You shall ne're want opportunities, *Ned*——

(*Exeunt L. P. and Lionel.*)

La. P. No ! I'll see you shall be as good as your word, Husband ! Virtue be gone ! I'll hear no more thy Voice, but give a loose to my resentment ! for what are Honour and Marriage Vows in competition with this injury !——but I'll preserve 'em, I'll obey this Husband ! this Villian ! this civil Adulterer ! this accomplish'd Eop ! I'll satisfy him fully ! and am the veriest Ass my self——if I don't make him the greatest of all Mankind !

(*Exit.*)

Enter Harry.

Har. I am the happiest Dog living ! no Woman can stand before me ! I was certainly wrapt up in my Mothers Smock——Well, I see a Man often misplaces his Battery, and many a Woman is impregnable against Wedlock, that will be as kind as you will——but stay, I must reform my Voice a little, to Sing under her Window like a Pallad-singer won't do——I must find out some body to teach me a Song——Egad ! here comes one that looks like the Head of a Base Viol, he must certainly understand Musick, I'll try——

(*Enter Sir Lively*)

Pray Sir are you a Singing Master ?

S. L. (*aside*) A Singing Master ! this fellows a Fool, I'll humour him——ay ! Sir, I am a Singing Master.

Har. That's lucky faith ! Well, Friend, can you teach me a pretty Love Song?

Sr L.

Sr L. Ay, Sir, if you'll pay me for't.

Har. The Devil's in this Court, there's nothing done without a Bribe——Come, Sir, here's your Money first, for you look indeed too much like a Courrier to Trust.

Sr L. Very well, Sir, wou'd you have a merry Song or a melancholy one?

Har. No! a pox o' your merry Songs, and your Melancholy one's——I must have a Soft, Tender, Melting, Sighing, Despairing, Dying, Confounding Song! to charm her as she lyes in Bed.

Sr L. Well, Sir, I have one.

Har. Come on then.

Sr L. Ha! hum! ha! ——

Har. I hate that damn'd putting of one's mouth in tune——learn me to sing all at once.

S. L. Very well, but now I think on't you must proceed methodically, and learn your Notes first.

Har. My Notes! ——(aside.) what a Devil are they! I have no Notes about me but Taylors Bills, and I'm sure there's no Musick in them——well, come begin, Sir.

Sr L. Speak after me —— la! la! la!

Har. La! la! la!

Sr L. Sol! la! me! fa! fa!

Har. fa! fa! fa! what a pox is the meaning of all this, I shall sooner learn to fiddle than sing, by this fa! fa! I'll e'en stick to the old *English* way of singing —— Over Hills and high Mountains —— ay! there's some sence in this, and so good b'ye to ye, fa! fa! with a pox!

(Exit Har.

Sr L. Go thy ways for a Cox comb! this now is one of those that throw a blemish upon Women's honour——I warrant after he has made himself an Ass under her Window, he'll swear he has lain with her, the next morning.

(Exit.

End of the Second Act.

A C T.

A C T III. SCENE I.

Enter Lionel (followed at a distance by his Man with a Letter.)

Lio. 'Tis near the time—— what a Feast of Love am I going to ! Well ! a Wife for my money, and if a Man wou'd keep a Woman to himself it must be a marry'd one ! for there's no trusting one's Mistress with a Friend ; and your Keeper will always taste your Venison ! but a Husband I can alarm when I please to be more watchful, and while he thinks he keeps her for himself, he preserves her for me——as for his tasting, 'tis so seldom, that a Man can't reasonably be angry with him for't——

Man. Sir, a Footman has brought this Letter, and stays without for an answer.

Lio. Hum ! Some damn'd disappointment I suppose——
(opens it) From my Lady *Promise* ! What can this mean ?
(Reads) I perceive your Heart has not met with that difficulty in obeying my Commands, and that in refusing your addresses I have hinder'd you from being false : how happy it was that I did not listen to so much Treachery ! (hum !) my Virtue that surmounted those tryals will always be my defence. (Ha ! ha !) but you are a Traytor, and I have advis'd you to nothing but what you wish'd for before. I have now a just fence of your attempts upon my Honour, and expect that you will instantly come and ask my Pardon.

Promise.

Hum ! ask her Pardon ! if matters go on so fast I shall have too much Love upon my hands very quickly ! now wou'd

would she have me go and beg pardon for injuring her Honour till I have left her none at all——(*humming over the Letter*) hum—ha——hum!——instantly!——your Ladyship must stay a little, for to night I'm invited to a more tempting Feast, and would as soon break my neck as my word! but to morrow—I'll ask her Pardon as well as I can. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Lady Promise and Camilla.

L. P. No arguments shall dissuade me—I have told you the occasion, and have conquer'd my Virtue.

Cam. Troth! I would not dissuade you, be as wicked as you will, but be a little discreet too—you send for a Fellow to come to you when your Husband is at home.

L. P. I did not consider that! but he talks of going out, and if he should not, I can easily persuade him to go to bed, and that will do as well.

Cam. For a Woman that fears nothing; but what will the world say of you?

L. P. Tut! I value not what they say—He's a gallant, *Camilla*, of my Husband's own recommending! He commanded him to love me, and I'll take care he shall be obey'd.

Cam. Yet we should regard the character of Virtue, the Men like us the better for't.

L. P. Not at all! 'tis so out of fashion, it passes rather for a Disguise than a Dress—I'll wear it no longer. No! from this moment I'll play the Hypocrite! flatter! lye! deceive! and be an Errant Wife——*I will do all I can to please my Husband!*

Cam. Nay, if a Fellow has such a mind to have Horns, 'twere pity to spoil his Longing.

L. P. Right, *Camilla*! and when the most watchful Husbands that give their Wives no liberty, can't escape, the Devil's in Women that neglects one that takes pains for 'em himself.

Cam. Now his forwardness would be a damp to mine,
for

for Contradiction is the chief pleasure of Marriage, and I'd see him hang'd before I'd do a thing to please him—
I'd turn Saint if he forbid Devotion.

L. P. Hold, we seldom run so fast that way—but if they forbid Vice we might turn Devils, for beside Disobedience there's our own Inclination.

Cam. (aside.) I shall never bring her to my purpose—but if I had ever so good a stomach, his Carving for me methinks would take it away.

L. P. No! no! I'll receive this Lover from my Husband's hands: He has instructed him to please me—— I'll see if he can teach others to do what he can't himself—He shall be serv'd his own way first—and mine ever after.

Cam. (aside) The Devil's in this Woman! I find when a Saint turns, she makes the most violent Sinner—but if I can't persuade her against Men, I'll push her forward to 'em all, that she mayn't stick at *Lionel*——But this Lord of yours lays about him at a strange rate.

L. P. Let him go on, *Camilla*! I'll warrant I make Revenge run faster than Injustice!

Cam. My Life for't you do! I'd draw the whole Sex into the Quarrel, and make the Satisfaction as exemplary as the Wrong.

L. P. There's so few fit for't, that I am puzzl'd to proceed; for the Fellows of Business are most Clowns! your Fellows of Pleasure most Fops! and 'tis as hard to find a Man of Wit as one that does not think himself so.

Cam. Nay, I have a quarrel to the Sex too, and cou'd with 'em all——

L. P. Kinder. Ha! ha! ha! prithee let that be the quarrel—well, am not I strangely alter'd since yesterday?

Cam. Your Virtue is not quite so troublesome to you as it was!

L. P. One don't know, as you say, how feeble it is! Virtue may make a shift to defend us against a Lover we don't

don't like, or a sickly inclination ! but when a Womans strongest passion Revenge rises up against it ! it gives ground strangely ! and 'tis the hardest thing in the World not to be wicked when we've a just provocation.

Cam. But who must be Judges of that just provocation ?

L. P. Who ! why our selves.

Cam. I'm glad o' that, for then we shall never want one.

L. P. O ! never ! never ! There's a thousand every moment——a Husbands Falshood ——

Cam. Or his Jealousie ——

L. P. The impertinence of old Relations, ——

Cam. Or the being past fifteen ——

L. P. Or what's the most provoking thing in the World ——

Cam. A Handsom young Fellow, Ha ! ha ! ha !

L. P. Ha ! ha ! prithee let's in and reckon up all our injuries, and contrive how to do our selves justice.

Cam. Come away then, I long for a little revenge too. *(Exeunt.)*

Enter Lord Promise (putting on a Foot-mans habit) and Will Fanlove.

Lord. This Coat will do, but how camest by the discovery ?

Will. I was behind the Arbour, my Lord, and heard all ! heard her appoint him to night, just before you surpriz'd 'em together.

Lord. A Villain !

Will. To have no fence of the obligations he has to your Lordship ! However, Generosity may do more than Violence, tell him of it tenderly, and put it in his choice to be an Honest man.

Lord. No, *Will* ! no Man can forgive his own ingratitude ; and you may oblige a Man that has been always your Enemy, but never him that has been once your Friend —— I shan't be known in this Dress.

Will. Never, never ! Egad ! my Lord, you make a
F clever

clever Foot-man, and if you wore this habit a month, might Cuckold half the Tradesmen in Town.

Lord. If I thought so I'd wear no other, for the fatigue these Impertinent Quality put upon a Man, over-balances the pleasure; and I have as little Stomach to a Woman after the trouble of reducing her, as I shou'd to my Dinner after the trouble of Cooking it.

Will. And these Women of Breeding too, lose their Reputation, not for the Sin but the Ceremony! for in the City, where they never stand upon't, we don't hear of a Whore—tho' there's a damn'd many Cuckolds.

Lord. Then their Women have the same thrifty principles as their Husbands; they an't for the show of Riches, but the thing! While ours with their Trains of Lovers! Balls, and Coquetry! manage their Pleasures as ill as their Estates; lay it all out in Trappings and Show, and are Beggars at the bottom!

Will. But now, my Lord, what will you do for a Wig?

Lord. Give me thine, and stay here till I come back— if I am catch'd a listening, this habit will protect me, for Pimping will look like my ordinary Business. (*Exit Lord.*)

Will. (alone) Ha! ha! ha! what an awkward Pimp he makes! Let me try if I can't make a better Lord ——— (*puts on my Lord's Wig, and Night-gown and looks in the Glass*) O! Infinitely! — My Lord, I'm your Lordships most humble Servant — how preferment becomes one! I find I shou'd easily make a very extraordinary Person ——— Ha! what the Devil's here! my Lady! I'll set me down and be fast asleep, perhaps she mayn't disturb me.

Enter Lady Promise.

La. P. My good Lord, don't sit in this cold Room, but come to Bed, my Dear ———

Will. (aside) To Bed! hum! I think this is a good time to wake.

La. P. You'll catch cold, my Dear, come to Bed.

Will. (aside.) Sdeath! that I was but ten years younger.

Lad.

Lad. (*Taking his hand*) I believe he's asleep — my Dear, will you come to Bed — (*in a low voice*)

Will. (*aside*.) That touch inspires me, Egad! I shall be young enough if she stays half a minute longer —

Lad. (*aside*.) He's asleep! all's safe! now for my revenge! — How odious a Husband looks when a Woman has once a Lover in her Head! — Good night Husband!

(*Exit Lady.*)

Will. (*rising up*) What a glorious opportunity is here lost! S'death! this threescore is good for nothing — I never knew the misery of Age before — but I shou'd ne're a' had such a lucky minute if I had been twenty — this damn'd Jade Fortune is only kind to those that don't know how to use her favours — She must be throwing her Bones in my way, when I've no Teeth to gnaw 'em.

(*Exit.*)

Scene changes to Sir Lively's. A Dressing Table and Candle.

Enter Lady Cringe and Maid.

Lad. For an amorous Man, he makes People stay strangely.

Maid. The Clock has but just struck, Madam.

Lad. Puh! a Man of any Gallantry wou'd a been here an hour before the time — a Devilish! wicked! confounded! — — — handsome Fellow — — (*looks in the Glass*) I like my self mightily to night.

Maid. Your Ladyship is charmingly handsome.

Lad. If you did not tell me so I'd turn you away — I can't bear a dull thing that will stand by all the time I'm dressing, and not flatter me — and in short I'll have no body about me, that I hate but my Husband — now for a careless posture, that he mayn't think I've put my self in this order for him, this will do — but this wicked Fellow won't come at all! — I protest I have a good mind, — to send for him I think: Well, Expectation is a greater torment than Jealousie, and a Husband's Com-

pany is not half so afflicting as a Lover's Absence. Prithce sing something to me, that I mayn't think of him.

S O N G:

*See ! see ! see ! where she lyes,
Love and Ruine in her Eyes.
A gentle Sigh her Bosom heaves,
As if she felt the Wounds she gives.*

*Shepherd, the lucky moment seize,
'Tis lost if you defer it ;
In Love there is no rule to please,
But Opportunity is Merit.*

Enter Lionel.

Lio. (singing) But Opportunity is Merit.

L. C. Oh ! I vow you frighten'd me——

Lio. Did you take me for your Husband, Madam ?

L. C. No, Sir—but why shou'd I be affraid of him ?

*Lio. Because a Husband's still a Niggard of his Wealth,
and might prevent your bounty to your Lover.*

L. C. Then to give away anothers Riches is not Generosity, but Plunder.

*Lio. But these, Madam, are Riches that dwell only
in the Imagination, and a Wife is a Misers Chest ; while
he thinks all within it safe, he is as happy as if it were so.*

*L. C. I don't know that, Sir ! however, the little time
I'm willing you shall stay here let it be in the other
Room, for this is too near my Lords apartment, and he
may meet with us a second time !*

Lio: Your Ladyship is very ingenious.

(Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Lord Promise (in a Footman's dress.)

Lord. Soh ! I have put out the Lamps, the better to conceal my self—— this is the door—— I see a light—
(*listens*) 'Tis he ! the Villain's with her !—— this Lady must be of City Extraction, for she has dispatch'd more business in two days, than our nice Ladies will in two Months. (*listens*) They talk ! they kiss ! Cankers eat their Lips off—— (*listens again*)

Enter Sir Lively and his Man.

Sr L. I wonder how the Lamps come to be out, 'tis scarce eleven——

Lord. (Aside) Ha ! *Sir Lively's* voice, what a Devil shall I do now ?

Sr. L. We must grope our way to the door.

Lord. (aside.) They draw near, I must get away——

Going along, he pushes Sir Lively down, and is seized by the Man, and beaten.

Sr L. Murder ! murder ! a Thief !——

Man. How, Mr Thief, have at you then.

Lord. (aside) Death and Hell——

Sr L. (rises and strikes his Man instead of the Thief) I'll pay ye, you Rogue !

Man. Hold, hold, Sir, you hit me.

Sr L. Where is the Dog then ?

Man. Here, Sir, here.

Sr L. We'll give you your booty, Villain——

Both lay him on.

Lord. (aside) There's no way but to run for't.

He breaks from 'em.

Sr L. Let's after him, *John.*

Enter

Enter Lady Cringe, Lionel, and two Maids with Lights, a Chair, &c.

L. C. I hear Sir *Lively's* Voice ! we're undone ! get away as fast as you can.

Lio. I don't know which way to run !

L. C. any way ! one of you go with him.

Lio. (aside) The dearest minute lost ! Never was Cuckold so unseasonable ! — *Exeunt Lio. and Maid.*

I. C. Here ! here ! undress me quickly ! I'll make him believe I was asleep—I wonder what was the matter ?

Maid. They call'd out Thieves.

L. C. Make haste, what does the Wench fiddle so !

Maid. I can't unpin your Gown.

L. C. Thou art the dullest wretch alive — Soh ! take this and this ! pish ! here Bufflehead that too ! away with 'em presently — *Exit Maid.*

I hear him coming. *(takes up the Candle, and rubs her Eyes.*
Alas ! my Dear, what's the matter ! a noise wak'd me out of my sleep — *Re-enter Maid.*

Oh ! is it you ! come, let's in, and make our excuse more probable. *Exeunt.*

Re-enter the other Maid and Lionel.

Maid. This noise has alarm'd the Court, and if you go through the Gallery you may be stopp'd and all discover'd.

Lio. What a Devil shall I do ?

Maid. Speak low—stay here, and I'll fetch you a Rope to get over the Garden Wall by.

Lio. Very well, make haste, and bring my Sword too, for I left it on the Chair.

Maid. Ay ! ay ! be sure you keep your Post. *(Exit Maid.*

Lio. I wish I were well out of this place—shou'd I be taken, my Lord *Promise* wou'd need no other reason
to

to do me all the mischief in the World — ha ! I hear
some body coming this way ! — it may be the Guard —
I'll step aside. (Exit.

Enter Harry.

Har. This is a rare time, exactly twelve ! She's scarce
asleep, and will hear the first line of my Song — but
'tis so dark I shall never find the place — if I shou'd
meet the Devil now — it looks like his Dominions —

Re-enter Maid with the Rope and Sword.

Maid. Where are you ?

Har. (aside) Ha ! he's come I think ! Yet it can't be
the Devil by the Question —

Maid. Come hither, Where are you ?

Har. (aside) A Womans Voice ! It may be one from
her perhaps — here, here ! dear Creature !

Maid. There ! there's the Rope and the Sword — be
gone quickly.

Har. (aside.) What a Devil's this ! (He takes 'em.
But where's your Mistress, Child ?

Maid. Puh ! a bed by this time — don't stay —

Har. Right ! right ! my Dear ; lead me to her quick-
ly.

Maid. What are you mad ! prithee be gone. I can't
stay a minute longer. Good night — *Exit Maid.*

Har. (alone) Mad ! be gone ! abed ! the Devil take
me if I understand a word of all this ! — a Sword ! and
a Halter ! — this is a little ominous at the beginning of
a Love business — Here may I cut my Throat or Hang
my self which I please — this will spoyle my voice for to
night — I shan't be able to sing under her Window.

Re-

Re-enter Lionel.

Lio. (aside) I have over heard the mistake : And this must be some Rival. *(Goes up to him, and snatches the Sword.)* Sir, This is mine——

Har. Ha ! nay, take the Halter too, Friend, for they both belong to the same person.

Lio. Very well, Sir ! and now, Sir, what was your business here ?

Har. Business ! why faith not to hang my self, I assure you, I'm sorry I interrupted any body else.

Lio. You are merry, Sir.

Har. Ay, Sir, you see I'm not in a humour of dying at this time, but if you have a mind to be private, Sir, there is the most convenient Tree in the World, a little further, Sir, and so your Servant. *(Exit.*

Lio. Ha ! gone——this Coxcomb troubles me ! he came to Sing under her Window ! ——but it can't be her, she has too much Wit, to incourage such an Ass ! yet Women are Gypsies ! — and she that has Wit enough to ingage a Man of Sense, has often Flesh and Blood enough to be pleas'd with a Fool——this thought gnaws me ! ——can nothing but a Rascal be a Womans Favourite, or Fortunes ! but Love's blind, and so may run against a Post. *(Exit.*

End of the Third Act.

ACT.

ACT. IV.

Enter Lord Promise in a Night-Gown, leaning upon Will. Fanlove

L. P. Ha! *Hugh!* I'm murder'd! Black and Blew all over. Now I'm cold, I can't stir my self; let me sit down.

Will. This was the Devil of an Adventure.

L. P. Oh! don't touch me—Every Inch about me is a Boile!

Will. (*aside*) Nay no Blistering Plaster is comparable to a good Cane.

L. P. My Shoulders are so sore, I shall be under a Necessity of wearing my Perriwig like a Citizen, all before for one week.

Will. 'twill a little abate the Freedom of you Lordship's Air.

L. P. But the Devil on't is, I can't tell my Misfortune For my Grief, like a Green-sick-Girl's, will make other Folks merry. I must not think of a Doctor.

Will. This 'tis, not to model your Family, to have all things at hand! I'd make my Secretary understand Midwifry; my Footman play o'th Fiddle, and my Chaplain study Physick.

L. P. And so teach him to poyson, as well as flatter—No! I'm for keeping some Sins among the Laity—But dear *Will.* thy Advice; my Mind wants a Physician as much as my Pody—I wou'd fain be reveng'd before I die.

Will. The first Step to that, my Lord, is to make the Knight jealous, and if we cou'd meet him now, it

G

might

might be a critical Time for the Purpose, for I saw the Gallant enter, just as I came hither.

L. P. Fortune is ours! Behold him! [*Ent. Sr. Lively.*]

Sir L. My Lord, your Lordship's most humble Servant, some extraordinary Business kept me all this day——But an't your Lordship well?

L. P. Troubled with the Spleen a little.

Sr. L. I believe we disturb'd you last Night——For my Lord, there were Thieves got into the Court, I catch't 'em about my Closet-door, and fancy they had a mind to some of my Wives Curiosities.

Will. Yes *Sir Lively*, they certainly had a mind to some of your Wives pretty Curiosities.

Sir L. Ha! ha! ha! ——Ay! But then——

L. P. I have been told the Story already.

Sir L. Well! my Lord, and did not your Lordship hear how I maul'd one of 'em?

L. P. Hum!——Ay! ay! I did—— [*aside*] And be damn'd to you.

Sir T. Ha! ha! I fancy he'll put on Armour, if ever he ventures there again——I broke a swinging Cane over the Rogues Shoulders.

L. P. Hum!

Will. But are you sure they came to steal any thing?

Sir L. What a question's that! a Thief and not steal.

L. P. They may come for something that you can't miss.

Sir L. Ha. ha. Then let 'em e'en take it.

L. P. But it may be what is dearer to you than your Money.

Sir L. [*aside*] What a Devil do they mean! —— My Lord, there are but two things a Rogue can come for, either to rob me or murder me.

Will.

Will. Don't be too confident of that *Sir Lively*, for there are a sort of familiar Robbers that will come at all hours by Day as well as by Night! and plunder you somtimes before your face, without touching your Money; and if you wou'd search that Closet, by what we have heard, you might find one of those Thieves there at this time.

Sir L. Ha! ha! ha! Now to show you your mistake, Mr. *Fanlove*, no body can get into that Closet, without my Wife lets 'em in, for she keeps the Key of it her self.

L. P. There may be something in that too.

Will. I tell you then in plain Terms, *Sir Lively*, their Design was upon your Honour, and your Wife's keeping the Key is no defence against such Robberies.

Sir Li. Ha! ha! ha! I see you live in the common Prejudice of Women, and think 'em Bad, because every idle Fellow will boast of Abusing 'em — As to that, Sir, I am very easy, for I hardly believe there are any such thing in the world.

L. P. Oons! No Whores in the world!

Sir L. Just as there are Spirits, my Lord, both are things that every body talks of, and no body knows; for I never heard a wise Man say he made the one, or saw the other.

Will. Ha! ha! But if you don't believe there are Spirits, *Sir Lively*, your Wife may.

L. P. And to know whether she is of that Opinion, let me perswade you to search that Closet.

Sir L. Well, my Lord, I will go and do as you desire me, without the least Apprehension that there are such Women, much less that my Wife is one — I know her too well. Ha! ha! And owe my Fortune to her Wit and Discretion.

Will. Ay! Many a Man owes his Fortune to the Wit and Discretion of his VVife— And harkye, *Sir Lively*, if you don't know such a Man as *Lionel*, be sure you get acquainted with him.

Sir L. Ha! ha! ha! My Lord, your humble Servant, Ha! ha! ha! [*Exit Sir Liv. shaking his head.*]

Will. This is a very strange old Fellow.

L. P. I hate a Novelty in Cuckolds, as I do in Religion—why cou'd not this Rascal be Jealous like the rest? But I must have a Fool made o' purpose to Torment me——Ha! Fresh Plagues.

Enter Lad. Promise and Camilla.

Lad. P. My dear, how do ye do?

Cam. Ay! how d'ye do! how d'ye do, my Lord?

L. P. [*aside*] what an inundation of Impertinence is here!

L. P. You are not well—— [*embraces him.*]

L. P. Oh!

Lad. P. VVhat's the matter, my Lord? Did any thing hurt you?

L. P. No, no, only the Cholicke—— [*aside*] Damn her unseasonable Love.

L. P. Alas, my Dear, I pity you—— [*hugs him again.*]

L. P. Oh!——

L. P. What have I done! A Pin has prick'd you!

L. P. No, no, only another Twinge.

Lad. P. My dear, I'll hold you in my Arms, and make you well.

L. P. Pray!—— [*Aside*] Sure Conjugal Clipping was never so odious——

Lad. P. But I must——

L. P. Oh!

Lad.

Lad. P. Certainly 'tis some Pin; pray *Camilla*, search my Sleeve.

L. P. I tell you, 'tis only the Chollick——Hoe!

Cam. Here's none! 'Tis only the Cholick, as my Lord says——And how do's it Afflict you, my Lord? Well, the best thing in the World is a hot Trencher——

Lad. P. Or a Napkin——

Cam. Or a Caudle——

L. P. Hum—— [*holding his Ears.*]

Lad. P. Will you have a Doctor?

L. P. Death and Hell, you'll kill me with Questions; fend for the Devil if you will.

Cam. [*Aside to Lad. P.*] Come, come, now you see he's safe, let's go.

Lad. P. Well, since you're so Peevish—— [*Exit. ambo.*]

L. P. Ho! To be Talk'd to Death, is worse than any in the Book of Martyrs!——Dear *Will*, let's into my Chamber, and contrive some Comfort for my Back and Heart.

Will. Nay they shou'd be considered of together, for they are often the cause of each others Misfortunes.

L. P. Oh! Hum! This is making Love! And being Married! [*Exeunt*]

Enter Camilla and Harry.

Cam. Ha! ha! ha! Then 'tis Ten to One, but you were the Thief that was so well Beaten last Night.

Har. The Thief! Why I heard nothing of that neither! This is certainly Incharnted Ground! All that I met was the Devil last Night, and he wou'd a Tempted me to hang my self.

Cam. Ha! ha! But you can withstand twenty such Temptations; no wonder I did not hear you Sing under my Window! *Har.*

Har. Sing, Madam! I was fitter for Praying than Singing,— I wou'd no more a Sung than a Swore at that time, and I'm glad I did not try, for I shou'd a made as odd Musick as they do at the Gallows, or an *Irish* Funeral.

Cam. Ha! ha! Well, Servant, that Devil must not fright you from my Window to Night.

Har. No, Madam, I Defy him— But Dear Creature— [offers to Kiss her Hand.]

Cam. No, no, Servant, nothing out of form — You know the steps that lead to my Favour, so Adieu! [Exit.]

Har. Steps a good hint for a Ladder, very well, Egad! In Intrigues, a Woman has ten times more Wit than a Man; but how if I shou'd meet the Devil again! To secure that, I'll carry a *Pilgrim's Progress* in one Pocket, and a Pack of Cards in 't'other, which is a *French* Stratagem, Compliment, and Destruction at the same time Egad! [Exit.]

A Table and a Candle.

Enter Lady Cringe and Lionel.

L. C. No, no, no! I dare not venture my self one Moment longer with you.

Lio. Come, Madam, throw off this Disguise, fit only for the Husband, and put on Sincerity to meet your Lover.

L. C. Pugh! Let me go— Heark! I hear some Body.

Lio. 'Tis nothing but your fears— How you trifle!— Gad take me, I never saw a Woman have so much Wit, and so little Discretion.

L. C.

L. C. I don't know what to say to you.

Lio. Nothing at all, Madam, you need not speak one word, and yet be Charming Company.— Come along Dear Creature.

L. C. Hold! Let me consider——

Lio. A Moment longer, wou'd make one think you never consider'd in your Life.

L. C. Lord! You are certainly—— [*Aside*] the most Bewitching Man in the World!

Lio. [*Aside*] This struggling is worse than a Battle, I shall be Routed before I come into the Field.

L. C. Well but? — Don't you think you're the Impudent Fellow that ever——

Lio. I'll own any thing in that Room, Madam, but nothing here.

L. C. This is down-right Taking one by Storm.

Lio. Then yield to the Mercy of the Conqueror.

L. C. Stay! I'll Capitulate.

Lio. Pugh! That's the same thing, for I'm a *Frenchman* by Nature, and never mind Treaties.

L. C. Was ever Woman in such a Case!

Lio. A Thousand! A thousand! Madam, but never any so Obstinate.

L. C. Well then—— Ha!

{ *One knocks very hard at the Door.*

VVe're undone! My Husband!

Lio. The Devil fetch him! Death! and Hell! and Furies!——But where shall I run?

L. C. Here, here, into this Closet.

Lio. Ay! There we shou'd a went before, if you had not been——

L. C. A Fool! Go! go!—— I am certainly the most impertinent Creature upon Earth!—— But now comes the Physick to punish your Pleasure, the Husband!—— A Pill that won't go down, tho' it be never so much gilded.

[*Ent. Sir Lively and Betty.*]

Sir L.

Sir L. Ha ! ha ! ha ! my Dear ! Ha ! ha ! my Lord *Promise* has been telling me News of the Thief last night, and wou'd make me believe, that he is in thy Closet now ! Ha ! ha !

L. C. [*aside*] I am utterly lost ! — Pugh ! *Sir Lively*, Don't you see his drift, he wou'd divert himself at our Expence — How shou'd a Thief come in my Closet, when you know I always keep the Key of it my self ?

Sir L. Ha ! ha ! That's right ! But he wou'd fain perswade me, my Dear, that those Thieves have wicked Designs upon my Honour.

L. C. [*Aside*] A Villain ! — He must then have some Correspondence with 'em, else how shou'd he know their Designs !

Sir L. Ha ! ha ! ha ! I can't imagine — Nay they were so particular as to tell me of one *Lionel* —

L. C. [*Aside*] I tremble every Joynt — This is plainly a Plot amongst 'em to fool us ; I saw a Man they call'd so at his House once ; but never spoke to him in my life.

Sir L. O ! then he is to bring about something for 'em, I'll warrant : But we'll be as cunning as they ; and in the first place, for our own Satisfaction, let us search the Closet.

L. C. For our own Satisfaction ! Why, I hope they have not deluded you into a Credit of these Follies ?

Sir L. Not in the least, my Dear ! But I promis'd my Lord to search, and there's no harm in that.

L. C. There may be more than you are aware of ! For you see plainly their Project can't go on, without you first search the Closet, and I wou'd not please 'em so far.

Sir L. But I have promis'd, and will see this dangerous Thief that lies Perdue ! In my Closet, ha ! ha ! —

[*Takes up the Candle*]

L. C.

L. C. Lord! If the *Devil* was in the Closet, I wou'd not search for him now—Because my Lord dreams, we must play the Fool!

Sir L. Nay I believe he's a little crack'd, for he talk'd strangely of the Spleen and this Thief.

L. C. Crack'd! 'tis down-right Madness.

Sir L. Ha! ha! Give me the Key—*Opens the door.* [unlocks it.]

L. C. [*Aside*] VVhat shall I do!—

Sir F. Now for Mr. Thief, ha! ha!— I think, my dear, we had best put a Net at the door to catch him, as they do Sparrows—He'll slip out a small Hole— [going in]

L. C. [*Holding him*] Lord! Sir Lively, I can't bear that they shou'd abuse us so, you shan't be laugh'd at. [Blows out the Candle]

Sir F. Nay tho' you have blown out the Candle, I must search; so Betty, here, light it again.

[Exit Betty with the Candle.]

L. C. Oh! Sir Lively, let me hold you, you have talk'd so much of a Thief, that I am frightned in earnest, now I'm in the dark, and since the Closet-door is open, if there shou'd be one, he might come out and cut our Throats, or at least make his Escape—

Lio. [*looking out*] Ha! A good hint—

Sir L. Nay, let us stand close, for I hate fighting in the dark.

L. C. Not that there is any danger, my Dear, I know, and you may venture forward—

Holds her Husband with one Hand, and feeling about, delivers her Lover with the other.

Sir L. No, no! That's certain, but we may break our Noses without the Candle.

L. C. And as for his base Designs to make you suspect my Honour. I here vow, that the only Man I love in the World is Him I have hold of now.

Lio. [*Aside*] What a Glorious Wench is this—
Lionel kisses her Hand and steals off.

Sir F. I know it, my dear, I know it! And his designs are to no purpose, but meerly to keep my word we will Search not only the Closet, but every Room in the House, perhaps he has laid this *Lionel* in our way—But since you know him by sight, we shall disappoint 'em the first dash.

L. C. Come then, since you are resolv'd—
Enter Betty with a Candle.

Sir F. Ay! ay! Come along.
(Exeunt omnes.)

Enter Harry and his Man (with a Ladder.)

Har. Here! here! Place it under this Window that is open.

Man. But if the Lady shou'd not be at home. Sir, you might be taken for a Thief, and this Ladder would be the fore-runner of another, that you wou'd be forc'd to go up.

Har. Dog! Get you gone with your Fears, I'm going towards Heaven, Sirrah! It must be the way to my Mrs.

Man. I hope so too, Sir.

Har. Ha!

Man. But many things have happen'd on the like Occasion. I own, Sir, your Design is honest, to corrupt a young Lady! But shou'd these villanous Women mistake the Thing, and either drown'd you with a Shower of their own making, or send you to the Round-house, Sir, 'twou'd be the Devil.

Har. Leave your Advising, Sirrah! If you value your Ears.

Man. I tremble for you, Sir.

Har.

Har. Hold the Ladder, Sirrah! And that damn'd Tongue of yours, Zbud! Thou hast Fear, enough for a whole Regiment.

Sir L. O! Are you come, Sir, { *Enter Sir Lively at the Window, and lets off a Pistol.*
Have at you—

Har. (falls down) Murder! murder!

Man. [*Aside*] Ha! Then I'll make a Friend of a Master, and leave him. (*Runs off.*)

Sir F. Soh! I have caught you now—*Will! John!*

Richard! Run immediately and seize him—

[*Exit Sir Feeb.*]

Har. Oh! hoe! This is the Devil of an Intrigue.

(*Enter 2 Footmen.*)

1 Foot. What's the matter, Sir, Are you shot?

Har. Thro' the head! hoe! (*They raise him.*)

2 Foot. Ha! ha! ha! A halter, Sir, will be an excellent Remedy.

Lad. C. Ay! ay! This is he! { *Enter Sir Lively and Lady Cringe.*
This is he!

Har. Ay! I am he; but have you kill'd me, that's all.

Sir L. A Cowardly Rogue, 'twas nothing but Gun-Powder.

Har. [*jumping up*] No! I'm glad of that—

Sir L. Ha Friend! I think I have seen you before; you wou'd have had me taught you a Song! A Rogue for my Wife's window! But — I'll turn it into a Psalm, Sirrah; if there's Law in England.

Har. Nay I'm fittest for a Psalm at this time truly.

E. C. An impudent Rogue, to get in at Peoples windows!

Har. I confess, Madam, I am a very impudent Fellow, but now I am only mistaken.

Sir L. Mistaken! here's a Villain! Robbing a House is a pretty Mistake indeed!——(*Aside to her*) But stay, let's pump him a little.) Hark ye Friend, being sure, as you may well be, of swinging at Tyburn for this; if you'll discover your Accomplices, I'll soften the Evidence, and you shall only be burnt in the Cheek.

Har. [*Aside*] Ay Lord! I feel the Iron hiss already!——My Accomplices, Sir?

Sir L. Ay! Sir, your Accomplices——[*to her*] Now we shall find out his Lordship's design upon us.

Har. Truly, Sir, I had no Accomplice in this Business, but a pretty Lady.

L. C. Ah! Rogue! I told you how it was, this is the Engine to work upon my Honour, and bring a Blemish on my spotless Virtue! Let me be reveng'd, Sir *Lively* and justify my Innocence to the World!——(*weeps.*)

Sir L. Ay! ay! I will, I will! his Lordship shall see his Tricks will not pass upon us.

Har. (*Aside*) What a devil is the Meaning of all this!

L. C. Let him be Cudgell'd, Sir *Lively*, and thrown into the Horse-Pond.

Har. Thank ye, Madam!——(*Aside*) A Woman would make a merciful Magistrate!

Sir L. Come tie him neck and heels, and throw him under the Stairs all night. (*They tie him.*)

Har. (*Aside*) This is a fine Intrigue truly! I was wrapt up in my Mother's Smock.

Sir F. Away with him——

Har. Place me as near the Cellar as you can, good Gentlemen, for I am apt to be dry in the Night.

2 F. You shan't want Liquor, Sir, we'll dip you over Head and Ears.

Har. Very well! But Sir, I'll have Satisfaction to morrow Morning——

(*Exe. 2 Foot, and Harry.*)

Sir F.

Sir F. [*Aside*] Here's a Rogue! Satisfaction! ha! ha! But 'tis the humour of the Age, and he that injures you is the first that demands Satisfaction! I wonder I did not abolish that damn'd word Satisfaction, when I was last a Senator! For a Militia Coll. offer'd me 50 Guineas to bring in a Bill against Duelling.

Lady C. 'Tis well you were here, *Sir Lively*, when he came; My Lord, I find, was prepar'd against us, and might have made this a Means to lessen your Opinion of my Virtue.

Sir F. I defy his Plots! He shall find others as cunning as himself, and now I have caught his Instrument! This Rogue *Lionel*.

L. C. Ay! —

Sir F. I'll find out the bottom of their Stratagem, which is yet a little dark to me— We'll turn their Cannon upon themselves, *Esaith*! We'll blow 'em up with their own Mine! My dear! — For Plotters (*'Tis agreed*) by their own Arts are best deceiv'd.

Exeunt.

ACT. V.

Enter Lady Promise and Camilla, in Boy's Cloaths.

L. P. Ha! ha! ha! I swear you make a very pretty Fellow, and might pass upon her in any light — Turn about.

Cam. Nay Madam, I an't ashamed of my shapes.

L. P. A little Shamble tho' about the Legs.

Cam.

Cam. 'Tis nothing, Madam, but my Son of a Whore of a Shoemaker, has put me in his Stocks, that's all, egad! Madam — Will your Ladship take some Snuff — [Offers Snuff.]

L. P. (Taking some) A most accomplish'd Cavalier!

Cam. Oh! Madam, you do me too much Honour — But all the Ladies agree in that — And the Devil take me, Madam, if I don't love you to destruction

L. P. Ha! ha! ha! You flatter me, dear Sir, You Men are all such Rogues, there is no Truth in any thing you say.

Cam. Pugh! Madam, you Ladies have your Arts too; let us forgive one another, and when we meet, love away the time, not talk it, my Dear! — (kisses her hand.)

L. P. But, what would my Husband do if he should know it?

Cam. Nay! Play the Devil, that's certain; but how should he know it! without you delay my Happiness till it comes to his Ear, for you Women of Quality make as great a Rout of a Cuckolding, as you do of a Groaning.

L. P. No, 'tis you Fellows are so over-pleas'd with a Favour from us, that you boast of it sometimes before you receive it.

Cam. But I am none of those Villains, I assure you — And Egad! Madam, oah Cuckold y'e half a dozen Peers in a Morning, without one word of the Matter; and so Madam — *Prenez Garde!*

L. P. Not so violent, my Hero —

Cam. Never tell me, no Woman was ever displeas'd with Violence, I'm sure.

L. P. How Sir, a Woman pleas'd to have a rude Fellow over-power her!

Cam. Fear it not, Madam, Compliance will baffle all the Force in the world; so my Dear! dear! (kisses her.)

L. P.

L. P. Lord! how can you do this *Camilla*? What pity 'tis you are not a Man!

Cam. If I were, I shou'd makes deeper Impressions in you, without you was made of Brass! — Well! I see by this that the Men have a much happier time on't than we, for they have the Pleasure to tell their Passion, tho' it be rejected; but we must stifle ours, tho' it wou'd be receiv'd!

L. P. Nay Custom has so foolishly order'd it, that the Fellows don't think we deserve their love, except we refuse it, and have agreed upon a common Cheat to deceive one another wittingly.

Cam! Hang 'em, they are all Fools—If I were a Man—

L. P. Ha! ha! Thou wou'dst be a sad wicked Fellow.

Cam. Ay! Knowing Women as I do! — I'd soon make 'em cry out, lock up your Wives, as I pass along!

L. P. Your Reign wou'd be too furious to last! And the inconstancy that's natural to Men, wou'd never let you tast the Pleasure of loving, and of being belov'd!

Cam. Pr'thee don't put grave Thoughts in one's head, when I'm bent upon being a young Fellow—Methinks, I wou'd fain break Windows, as well as make a Cuckold to night.

L. P. Ha! ha! 'Twill be but half made — She'll soon find you out, my Lady *Cringe* is not a Woman to be so deceiv'd.

Cam. Nay I believe few Women wou'd, but I warrant I delude her for a Minute or two, if she is not over-hasty!

L. P. 'Twill be a pleasant Scene— But I long to know how you come by your intelligence; For in Affairs like this, Women don't use to trust very many!

Cam.

Cam. Nay, Pristhee leave that foolish Quality of our Sex to desire what is forbid us; there are 20 ways! — Walls have Ears, and Servants have hands; A little Gold will go a great way into People's honesty, and Women may be brib'd as well as Men.

L. P. I must have Patience — But let us move discreetly, 'tis ten to one they don't both come at the same instant; so if he is there first, I'll advance; if she, you shall.

Cam. I have my Lesson, and long to be at it.

L. P. Now shall I taste at once the two greatest Pleasures upon Earth, to disappoint my Rival, and revenge the Injustice of a Husband; but if *Lionel* shou'd not be touch'd my Reproaches, I'll tear him from my Breast, expose him both, and soon find among that Sex, those that will be proud to revenge me on my Lord.

Cam. O! You need not fear, I never knew a Woman that had once resolv'd it, but soon brought it about. Come along. [Exeunt.]

Enter Lord Promise and Will.

L. P. But how cam'st thou by the Intelligence?

Will. As all Politicians do, my Lord, I Brib'd her Chief Minister, the Waiting Woman.

Lord. No wonder, thou hadst the Secret of the Government; but how cou'd you bring that about?

Will. By making Love to her.

Lord. Making love!

Will. Ay! my Lord, in the most perswading Manner, Cupid turn'd himself into Gold, and shot her in the Palm — The only place in which a Statesman is vulnerable.

Lord. Done like a *Matchiavil*!

Will. Like a *Frenchman*, my Lord! You can't think how suddenly she kindl'd, and languish'd upon me — Ha! ha! — A moment longer, and she had betray'd the

the whole Country to me, for I had stole into her hand that Corrupter of Subjects, a *Louis d'Ore* — When a Spy from Court surpris'd us together.

Lord. Ha! Then they're alarm'd, and our hopes impossible, for Plots that don't succeed make the Monarch more secure.

Will. Never fear, my Lord, she that has virtue enough to take a Bribe, will never want wit to excuse it.

L. P. Now will I glut my Revenge, the dreaming Cuckold's Eyes shall be open'd, my false Mrs. confounded, and my villanous Friend undone.

Will. 'Twill be a glorious Mischief!

L. P. To find my Friend honest, and my Mrs. kind, wou'd not please me more.

Will. I'll never trust a professing Rascal again! Your talking Honour I find is always Counterfeit. Egad! My Lord, I begin to suspect my self, and question whether there's any such thing as honesty in the world!

L. P. Self-love will not let it live; those that deceive best are honest Men, and Rogues, such as do it, so grossly to be found out.

Will. Nay, my Lord, the World is grown pretty sincere in that Point, and an honest Man is a By-word; among the Wits it signifies a Fool, among Gamesters a Bubble! In the City he's a Cuckold, and at Court — Egad! 'tis not us'd at all. [Ent. *Sir Lively*.]

L. P. *Sir Lively*, I'm glad to see you.

Sir L. My Lord, I'm your Lordship's most obedient — My Lord, I search'd the Closet last night very diligently, I look'd behind every Picture, open'd her Patch-box and Thimble-case, but cou'd 'n't find the Thief you told me of.

Will. No, no, he made his Escape before you came.

Sir L. [*Aside*] That's a Lye, I'm sure. — Ha! ha!

I

He

He was in the right, Mr. *Fanlove*; he might a met with a worse Drubbing than he had the night before.

L. P. Hum! —

Sir L. But I found every thing in the same place, my Lord, nothing stole or diminish'd.

L. P. Nay by such Thefts; *Sir Lively*, our Stock is rather encreas'd; but your Wife is a Woman of Wit, and you are a Man of Temper.

Sir L. Ha! ha! Your Lordship rallies me, I know, but till I have better Reasons to suspect her Conduct, I shall be apt to remain in the Folly of living at Ease, my Lord.

L. P. Will you trust your Eyes?

Sir L. That wou'd go a great way to alter my Opinion of Women, but there are so many Tales of that Sex, and so monstrous, that 'tis more likely the whole were false, than that every one were true! Upon which account you must pardon me, my Lord, if I am a little slow in believing. Ha! ha! — Cuckolds and Fairy's are mightily talk'd of.

Will. Perhaps in half an hour, *Sir Lively*, you may find, that Horns are not quite so rare as Spirits.

Sir L. When I do, Sir, I'll believe both: Ha! ha!

L. P. Come along then, for *Lionel* meets her to night, and by this time, they are in the Garden together.

Sir L. [*Aside*] How damnably this Lord will lye! I have him safe ty'd neck and heels! Ha! ha! — Well, my Lord, I am ready to be a Witness of my Dishonour, and interrupt this terrible Fellow, *Lionel*, with my Wife. Ha! ha!

L. P. But you must promise me not to be transported against her, 'tis a Frailty common to Women, and we that are marry'd shou'd always expect it.

Sir L.

Sir L. Doubt it not, my Lord! Ha! ha! I shall carry my Temper with me, and bear it like a Statesman. Ha! ha! ha!

[*Exeunt.*]

The Scene changes to the Garden.

Enter Lady Cringe.

L. C. I can't see a Step! — To be alone for any other cause in so dark and dead a night, wou'd make me tremble—But no body's afraid that loves—His Charming Image fills my Heart, and will admit no other Guest—But here's the Arbour. [*Goes in.*]

(Enter Lady Promise and Camilla.)

L. P. 'Tis a Woman! it must be she—Now for your Love.

Cam. Let me alone, I warrant I trifle away an hour unsuspected.

L. P. Practice o're the Follies of your own lovers, 'twill look the more like Man.

Cam. I'll say what I wou'd have said to my self.

L. P. And do what you wou'd not have done to your self.

Cam. Hush! — [*Re-enter Lad. Cringe.*]

L. C. I think I hear him—
Lionel.

Cam. Softly! the same.

L. C. [*imbracing*] My dear punctual Lover!

Cam. My bright Charmer, let me devour you with Kisses.

L. P. [*Aside*] O! the devil! She'll over-do it, and ruine all.

Cam. I'll never leave your Lips— Every Inch of you I cou'd lead my life upon.

L. P. [*Aside*] Well said, Efaith! She thinks a lover must be always upon full speed.

L. C. These are Joys that grow still as we gather 'em, each moment now is worth an Age—Let us retire.

Cam. [*Aside*] Ha! what a devil shall I do now!

L. C. Here are no Spy's to interrupt our Happiness— My husband's impertinence, my Lord's Cunning, nor his Wive's Malice can find us here.

L. P. [*Aside*] There you have hit it!

Cam. Madam, I'll die your Victim, or I'll live your Slave, so I fear 'em not.

L. C. You need not—No more than my unkindness—I've dropt my Handkerchief in the Arbour.

Cam. [*Aside*] I find she did not come here to talk! Well, I'll strut as far as I can, and like some Cowards, go into the Field and draw, and then run away.

[*Exeunt L. C. and Camilla.*]

(*Enter Lord Promise and Sir Lively, stealing in.*)

Lad. P. Hark! They're here!—Come up Sir *Lively*, you'll be out of hearing.

Sir L. I warrant ye, my Lord, if they are here.

Lord P. Come up, I say, I wou'd not have you lose a word of their Discourse.

Lady P.

Lady P. I hear a Stepping, 'tis *Lionel*— *Feeling about, she catches hold of her Husband.*
 Basest of Men! Now I have surpris'd you
 in your Falshood——

Lord P. [*Aside*] Death! And the Devil! My Wife!

Lad. P. And after all your Vows, am witness of your Treachery, ungenerous *Lionel*! Did you betray me into a belief of your Passion, only to comply with my Husband, who chose you to be my Gallant?

Lord P. Hum!——

Sir L. [*to him*] My Lord, I an't out of hearing. ha! ha!

Lady P. You promis'd him to love me, and a Man of Honour will not be false to his Friend, tho' he is to his Mrs. Speak! What can you say in defence of your double Treachery?

Sir L. [*Aside*] my Lord, I don't lose a word of their Discourse.

Lady P. Speak, ungrateful Man, what do you find in *Lady Cringe* more than in me?——

Sir L. Ha!——

Lord P. You'll be out of hearing— (*Pulling Sr. Live.*

Lady P. Her Husband did not give you leave to love her as mine did.

Sir L. [*Aside*] My Lord, I'm here.

Lady P. But 'tis the injustice you delight in — With her you can deceive a Husband — Come like a Thief at midnight, and rendezvous in a Closet or an Arbour, as if 'twas the stealth only that made it sweet——

Lord P. [*Aside*] Come near, *Sir Lively*.

Lady P. With me you have no difficulty, you have my Lord's Pass-Port; nay he studies to give you Opportunities, and instructs you what to say! Your love to me is a wrong to no body.

Sir L. [*Aside*] My Lord!——

Lady P.

Lady P. Nay, you shan't go, I'll hold you till you declare to me which of us, my *Lady Cringe* or I has got the Conquest of your heart.

Lord P.

Sir L. } [jogging one another.]

Lady P. Do you deceive us both, or am I only deceived?

Lord P. You only, Madam!

Lady P. [aside] Confusion, my Husband!

Enter L. C. and Camilla.

Lad. C. How cruel a Misfortune's this! To be sick at such a time!

Sir L. (aside) Ha!

Cam. A little Air, my dear, will recover me, and then I'll be all yours.

Sir L. Lights there!

L. C. (Skreeks out.)

Sir L. Death and Furies! — (draws his Sword) I'll murder her! Pull out her false heart, and —

Enter a Servant with two Candles.

Cam. Hold Sir, a Step further, and you die — [draws]

Sir L. S — S — Sir.

Enter Lionel at the end of the Stage.

L. C. [aside] Ha! Who have I been with?

Cam. I'll vindicate my Mrs. Sir, and cut any Villain's Throat that pretends to her.

Sir L. [aside] A murderous Dog! — Cuckold me, and cut my Throat too.

Lio. [aside] Ha! his Mrs. — Sir, — this Lady —

Lays his hand to his Sword.

Sir L. Ha! Another Ruffian!

Lord. Ay! Another, Sir *Lively.*

Lio.

Lio. Ha! My Lord, there [*aside.*] (*puts up his Sword*)

Cam. Ay! Sir, come on, Sir, if you have any pretences to her.

Lord P. These are my Plots. [*Enter Will.*]

Will. What's the matter, my Lord?

Lord P. I'm marry'd.

Lady P. And so am I.

Sir L. And I am marry'd too, Mr. *Fanlove*, see there.

Will. Then you believe there are Spirits now, Sir *Lively*?

Sir L. Ay! And Devils too! and Hobgoblins!

Cam. Ha! ha! ha! ha! —

Lio. I'll put you into another Tune by and by, Friend.

Will. I told you what wou'd happen— (*To Sir Live.*)

Sir L. Ay! Mr. *Fanlove*, 'twas the place that corrupted her— Zbud! This Court ruins more Women than it does Tradesmen.

Will. (*aside*) I'll steal off, for this Business mayn't end to my Advantage, besides I hate Family-Differences, and cursed is he that parts Man and Wife in such a Case.

(*Exit Will.*)

Cam. [*stepping out before the rest.*] I perceive, good People, you are all in Confusion, and this Business looks little perplex'd— I speak to you that wou'd be a Cuckold! —

Lord P. [*Frowns*] Sir, —

Cam. And to you that can't be a Cuckold! —

Sir L. That's a lye, Sir. —

Cam. And to this poor disconsolate Rival of mine that is a Cuckold.

Lio. Villain! You shall answer this.

Cam.

Cam. But him I must keep, and if you two Husbands will stand aside for a Minute, I'll clear up the whole thing, and show you that all this may be otherwise.

Sir L. How Sir, and my Wife, no Who—Whor—Egad! I can't speak it.

Cam. Ay! Sir, and you no Cuckold.

Sir L. Sir, I'm your most humble Servant—Come, my Lord, let's stand aside then—No Cuckold!

Lord P. Ay! Sir *Lively*, if they shou'd be as they seem, what wou'd you do with your Wife. *They go to the other side of the Stage.*

Sir L. Why, I'll lock her up with the Ale Barrel, and then, I'm sure no body'll tast her but my self.

Lord P. I'll divorce mine, right or wrong, and then I shall have nothing unfashionable about me.—

Lad. P. [*after whispering together*] All will be made up, and our Husbands appeas'd, if this Gentleman will accept of a Wife that I'll recommend to him.

Lia. I confess, Madam, I am a Rogue, and do deserve to be hang'd, so you may marry me when you please.

Cam. [*aside to Lad. P.*] I see your Design, and am more oblig'd to you than you shall know now.

Lia. I am so concern'd for your Honour Ladies, that I'll sacrifice the Quiet of my life to preserve it.

Cam. I shall be the Chief instrument of the Deliverance, Sir, and what will you do for me, if I bring you off.

Lia. I'll forgive you bringing me on, Sir, and not cut your Throat.

Cam. Are you so high! I shall have a time to take you down, Sir.

L. P. Do you agree, Madam?

L. C. Most gladly, any thing, rather than Dishonour.

Lia.

Lio. But where is the Person; must n't I know her before I marry her?

Cam. No, nor after neither, I'll pass my Word.

Lad. P. O! let me alone for that—Now Sir, you may bid 'em Advance.

Cam. Come, Sir Lively, I have done your Business for you.

Lord. P. [*aside*] That I do believe.

Sir L. Come on, my Lord! come on!—

Cam. [*aside to Lad. P.*] Now Madam, I'll go on with your design better than you can ——— Listen then, you Two that deserve to be what you are not——

Lord P. A little less Impertinence, Sir, for you may find some Cuckolds, not so tame as others.

Sir L. Nay pray, my Lord, let him go on, I long to know what he has to say.

Cam. Why then, Sir, all this was brought about by my Contrivance.

Sir L. Ay!—

Cam. My Letter brought this Gentleman here, and you are no more Monsters than I have made you.

Sir L. Zoons, Sir, is not that enough! This is clearing the matter with a Vengeance!

Lio. [*aside*] to *Cam.*] Villain, consider the Lady's Honour!

Cam. In short then, I over-heard my Lord's Designs; and put these Ladies upon this Plot, to punish him for his ill Thoughts of Women.

Sir L. A Plot Sir! Zbud! to lie with my Wife?

Cam. Yes, Sir, if a Woman can do you any harm.

[*Pulls off her Perruwig.*]

Lio. Ha!

Lord P. How!

Sir L. Madam *Camilla*! — My Dear, I ask your Pardon for my Jealousie— But things look'd so odly at first, that I vow I did not know what to think—How a Man may be mistaken! Why, you were in more danger of Cuckolding than I was!

Lio. [*Aside to Camilla*] My Rival turn'd my Mrs!

Cam. Ay! Sir, if you can like one that has taken a Mrs. from you.

Lio. But you have given me another, Madam, as much more Charming, as Virtue is more Beautiful than Vice.

Lady P. [*Aside*] She has out-witted me, and brought me in my Lord's way o'purpose, but I forgive her.

Lord P. And pray Madam, how is this Matter clear'd o'my side?

Lady P. That part is mine, my Lord; but you don't deserve it shou'd be done.

Lord P. My dear lawful Plague! No more Riddles.

Lady P. No, ungenerous Man! This is no Riddle— And hark ye, he did not tell it me; but I was by when you instructed *Lionel* to love your Wife!

Lord P. Then I deserve these Horns!

Lady P. After so cruel an Injury, what shou'd you not expect! However I contented my self with this innocent Revenge; and knowing by my Cousin, your Purpose of coming hither, resolv'd to give you the same Torments for an imagin'd Infidelity, as if it had been real.

Lord P. Well, Madam, I believe you honest, because I deserve it, if you were not so.

Lady P. And you shall see that I am honest, tho' you wou'd not have had me so; for Mr. *Lionel* is contracted to my Cousin *Camilla*, and we are all in the Contrivance.

Sir L.

Sir L. Mr. *Lionel*! Why is his Name *Lionel*? This matter grows dark again; For I have him ty'd Neck and Heels.

Lady P. } How!

Cam.

Lady C. [*aside*] I'm lost again!

Sir L. O! here they bring him——

Will. Unbind him Slaves!

Har. Ho! haw! — [*makes a Noise with his Mouth.*] } Enter Two Footmen with Harry gag'd, &c. follow'd by Will. Fanlove.

Cam.

Lady P. } Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Har. Ho! Very well!

[*They ungag him.*]

Cam. This Gentleman, Sir Lively, is my Lover——
Ha! ha!

Lip. How Madam!

Har. Ay! Sir, I have been her lover, you may see by her Usage.

Cam. I encourag'd his Folly to bring about our Purpose, in which it was necessary to make Sir *Lively* jealous; so I directed his Serenades under my *Lady Cringes* Window, instead of mine, which he did not know.

Sir L. Ha! ha! ha! You're merry Wags, Efaith! And all's Clear again! And hark ye, Friend, now—You may go about your Business.

Har. Ay! With all my heart, Sir, for I han't eat a Bit, tho' I gap'd very wide all day.

Lord P. But hold, who is this Gentleman?

Will. My Lord, to tell you the Truth, 'tis my Son *Harry*, that I talk of so often, come from *Cambridge*.

Lord P. And wou'd nothing serve thy Rascally Offspring, but one of my Family.

Will. My dear Lord! Forgive me — 'Twas a Great Man's Fault; Ambition that put me upon it——

K 2

Lord.

Lord P. And a poor Man's Fate reward thee; to be reckon'd a Villain.

Har. Father, let's go, I don't like this Company at all—To be shot! gag'd! and starv'd! for a Mrs! the Devil take her.

[*Exeunt Will. and Harry.*]

Sir L. My Lord, I'm over-joy'd at this new face of Affairs, and that we are not free of the City (as they call it) But if your Lordship pleases, let 'em end their Adventure as merrily as they began it—here is a very smooth Plat of Ground, and my Men can Fiddle; we'll make their Heels be concern'd in the frolick as well as their Heads.

Lord P. Ay! Their heels had like to have been deeply concern'd in it.

Sir L. Come, come strike up — (A Dance.)

Sir L. Very well! Very well! Now we're all pleas'd:

Lord. [*aside*] Except our Wives—— And hark'ye Sir, —[*to Lionel*] however they have made up this matter, I know the bottom of it — Thou art a Man of nice Honour *Ned* and wilt certainly thrive in the World—Whether I am a Cuckold or not, I shan't enquire; all the Satisfaction I beg of thee at this time is, that thou'dst marry my Kinswoman out of hand— [*aside*] which will be the same thing as cutting his Throat——

Lio. Most willingly, my Lord, I'd marry her—— I am instructed by your Example how to use her, and that the best way to keep her honest will be, to be so my self.

*For either's wrong dissolves the Marriage Tyes.
The Husband's Folly justifies the Wives.*

The E N D.

EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mr. Pinkethman.

THE Plodding Tribe are so resolv'd of late,
To model and refine our little State.
I fear to Great Ones we have this relation,
They'll ruine us at last by Reformation!
What heavy Race so far without the City,
Cou'd think of Plaguing us for being Witty?
But were we broke (disbanded I wou'd speak,
For nothing but a Shopkeeper shou'd break!)
Men of our Quality's wou'd rise by falling,
And grow more eminent in any Calling.
Our various Virtues wou'd fit all Conditions;
They that want Piety might turn Physicians.
A Door-keeper whose Cheats we can't prevent,
Wou'd surely thrive in any State-Employment.
He that his Hopes from Impudence does draw,
Might turn his happy Genius to the Law.
The Under Fry a little thing will serve,
For by the Laws of England younger Brothers starve.
No Change of Government the Women drop, } Putting on
For — Eighteen Pence in Velvet sets them up. } a Mask.
As for my self; may Marriage be my Fate,
Chain'd to a Cross, I may repent, tho' late;
Grow fit to turn Informer to the Town,
And thrive by the same Means I was undone.

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